BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 269.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

What is Your Number?

John Bull's Biscuits.

A Hideous Human Document.

"John Bull's" Christmas Box Scheme.

Our Territorials: Their Rights and Wrongs.

Among the Mummers.

The "Spirit Photo" Fake.

Among the Books.

John Bull's Post-cards, Letters and Telegrams.

The Cartoon.

John Bull in the City.

Among the Lawyers.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Bull's Eyes. Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

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JOHN BULL.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We have been honoured by an invitation to occupy the chair at the annual dinner, this year, of the "Bradlaugh Fellowship," which will "take place" (who will invent a substitute for that literary barbarism?) on Wednesday, September 30th—most probably at the Holborn Restaurant. It is a good thing that the memory of that great man should be cherished and kept green. What would his position in public life have been to-day had death not torn him away? He would have held the Labour Party in the hollow of his hand, and the workers would have realised that a Daniel had indeed come to judgment. Any of our readers who would like to be present may obtain full particulars from Mr. W. J. Ramsey, 140, Lansdowne Road, Hackney, N.E.

Justice is clamouring for the prosecution of Mr. J. B. Joel, on the triple charge of "illicit diamond buying, conspiracy to induce blackmailing, and wilful and corrupt perjury." Without commenting on the merits, let us put our contemporary right on one or two points. Illicit diamond buying is not an offence in this country; you cannot conspire to injure yourself; and perjury cannot be established without corroborative evidence. Mr. Joel has already "done in" his £5,000, and has probably, as the result of the recent case, rendered himself liable at any rate to a claim for heavy damages for what is called "malicious prosecution." We think, therefore, he deserves a rest. In another column we give a rough idea of the woes of the millionaire.

What appear to be two very hard cases have come to our notice—although, at Carlsbad, we have little means of checking the facts. In one of them, a poor widow, who acts as housekeeper, and whose little girl has lived for the past three years with her grandmother, has been sent to prison with hard labour for a month for "neglecting her child"—there being, apparently, no suggestion that she had any knowledge that it was not being properly cared for. The other case is more remarkable still. A man left his home on March 18th last year, was arrested *the same day*, taken before a magistrate, committed for trial without bail, and sentenced to twenty-one months' hard labour. On leaving gaol, at the end of his term, he was arrested again and taken before Mr. Hopkins, the Metropolitan magistrate, on a charge of having neglected to support his wife and children, who had been in receipt of out-door relief since *April 17th of last year*. The poor wretch pleaded that as he had been in prison during the whole of the period, it was impossible for him to have supported his family, whereupon, according to the report before us, the magistrate made the sapient remark, "Then it may not have been 'desertion,' but it is certainly 'failure to maintain your wife and family,'" and then he sent the man back to another month's hard labour. Now, the only observation we have to make upon botn these cases is that either they have been grossly misreported or that the two magistrates who dealt with them ought to be drummed off the bench.

We are writing these notes, by the way, in a primitive café on the banks of the river Eger, a few miles out of Carlsbad. Immediately in front of us is a group of weird old rocks, clustered together in all sorts of fantastic shapes. The place is called Haus Heiling, and hither people come in their thousands every year to see those rocks and hear the story concerning them. For they are supposed to represent the petrified forms of a wedding party, on its way to church. And here is the legend. Once upon a time there was a handsome young shepherd, who fell asleep one summer's day on the banks of the river. When he awoke, a great storm was raging; the heavens thundered and the lightning flashed; the river dashed in fury over its banks—and the flock had disappeared. But a soft voice bade him be of good heart, and, turning round, he beheld, rising from the water, the form of a lovely nymph—with snow-white skin and raven hair, lips of

ruby and teeth of pearl, and eyes of liquid love—a thing, indeed, of radiant beauty. "I love you," she said, "and provided you vow always to love me, wealth and fame shall be yours; but if you break your vow my vengeance will be terrible." He vowed—and was at once transformed into a great man with a stately castle. But he soon forgot his vow and fell in love—and now you know the rest. The castle stood on this spot, in front of us, and as the wedding party was on its way to the church, there came suddenly the storm again. The nymph appeared and reminded the faithless swain of the compact, and lo! the castle disappeared into the earth and all the guests, and the bride and bridegroom and the priest and the choristers, were turned into stone—and there they stand to this day. With a little faith you can discern them clearly—at any rate, they knock Archdeacon Colley's "spirit photographs" into a cocked hat! Who shall say that such legends—upon which nearly all the religions of the world are founded—are not beautiful things?

Since his sudden disappearance from Clapton a few years ago, little has been heard of the new "Messiah," Smyth-Pigott, who has been unobtrusively continuing his career of swindling and licentiousness at the "Abode of Love," at Spaxton, in Somersetshire. We have, however, been keeping our eye on the arch scoundrel and impostor; and we shall shortly commence a series of articles unmasking his villainy and calling upon the police to raid the den of infamy and vice over which he presides—and into which hysterical women are constantly being lured, in the name of religion, only to be robbed both of their material wealth and their moral purity. Smyth-Pigott must go to gaol.

Will any reader of this issue, after perusing the "Human Document" we publish on another page, doubt the necessity for some such measure as we introduced into Parliament early this year for the reform of the present law of divorce? Will any reader longer doubt whether imprisonment for debt still exists in this country? Will he hesitate before subscribing to foreign missions, and just enquire into some of the glaring evils of our own social system? Will he feel proud of being a citizen of an empire in which such a story as we relate can be truthfully told—aye, and told twenty times a week in London alone?

The visit of the American Fleet to Sydney has evidently a very significant meaning for the Australians. They, at any rate, do not seem to believe in the universal brotherhood of man. At the same time they have let it be pretty broadly hinted that if this country does not bring its Asiatic policy more into line with their views they may have to look to a more sympathetic nation. We think they are suffering rather badly from swollen head, aggravated to a large extent by the personality of their strenuous Premier, who inclines to the belief that the tail should wag the dog. Perhaps in time they will see things more in their true light.

Apropos the new fashion of swimming the Channel, what are the odds that the first to emulate the achievement of the late Captain Webb will not be his old trainer, Professor Bibbero? This stripling of 87 recently celebrated his golden wedding by giving an aquatic display at Dover! Or will the new conqueror of the waves and tides be our friend "Teddy Williams," the oldest amateur swimmer in England—who has already saved over twenty lives, and at whose benefit concert we had the privilege the other night of presiding? With men like these still amongst us, who shall say that John Bull and his sons are played out?

That many curious things happen at sea is now widely recognised. Not, however, for a long time has a more poignant tragedy thrilled in the annals of the sea than that recorded in the "Marine Insurance Notes" of the *Telegraph*. A telegram from Corfu, says our contemporary, "states that the chief officer of the Dutch steamer *Luciana* struck a rock about forty miles south-west of Paxa, and sank." What the chief officer struck the rock with, whether with his stick, or his head, or his feet, upside down or broadside on, is not stated; but as apparently he was a body in motion and the rock was a body at rest, and since if the velocity of a body in motion is unable to overcome the resistance of a body at rest, the body at rest repels at the point of contact the body in motion, we can well believe the simple but pathetic statement that the officer sank. Now it is written that when a certain ancient historical character struck a rock—but never mind that; it is not, after all, a *Telegraph* story.

Mr. Lloyd George hopes "to see the day when England will hold a great national Eisteddfod on the race-course at Epsom." Personally, we see no objection. The course is used only one week throughout the year. But we should still back the Derby crowd to beat the Eisteddfodders. And we would certainly rather be one of it. Eisteddfod at Epsom! Pish!

A reader sends us a copy of a Canadian "religious journal," the *Gospel Trumpet*, and in it we find the following question and answer:—

> *Is it a sin or would any one lose his salvation by taking medicine when having a dangerous disease, when not able to get up enough faith?* YOUR BROTHER IN CHRIST.
>
> That depends on circumstances. Many of God's people in the past knew nothing better than medicine and some do not to-day. Again, some have made a vow to God never to again take medicine. There is a great difference in the effects in the two cases It depends largely on the conscience and light of the person. One answer will not do for all cases. This much is certain: those who trust God do not *need* medicine no difference how dangerous the disease, and those who know their privileges and have not faith will never get it by the use of drugs. There is a better way—humble the heart before God and He will give the needed faith.

We have not the honour of the acquaintance of the Editor of the *Trumpet*, but we are open to lay very substantial odds that when *he* is ill, he sends for the doctor. Meantime, we hope that the devout enquirer feels that he got his money's worth when he read the above reply. What a blasphemy much of this "religious journalism" is!

The other day, a "drunk and disorderly," against whom there were many convictions, pleaded in mitigation of punishment that prior to his latest outbreak he had been a "teetotaler for a whole week." The magistrate was not impressed, yet who shall say what will-power this poor wretch exercised to accomplish even that limited degree of sobriety? We hear much of the evil men do—but what of that which they resist?

When will magistrates use their own discretion in the matter of granting bail, and cease to appeal helplessly to the police for guidance? The Sievier case should surely teach them a lesson. Yet here we have a case of a man and woman, described as husband and wife, who were charged with having in their possession implements for the manufacture of counterfeit coins. When arrested, the man admitted his guilt, but said, "Give my wife a chance." A remand being asked for, "the woman pleaded for bail," but the Inspector objected, "saying she *was not really married to the male prisoner.*" Whereupon "*both the prisoners were remanded in custody.*" It is simply damnable that such things should be.

As we predicted the other week, when dealing with the shrinkage of our Imports, the Trade Returns, as they are called, of America and Germany show an equal decrease. If we import less, they necessarily export less—their exports being our imports, and *vice versa*. But this is not the weather, or the time of year, for Trade Returns. Let us make holiday till the end of the month, and then to the Return of Trade.

The total of the "Thanksgiving Offering" at the recent Pan-Anglican Congress amounted to about £350,000; and the Archbishop of Canterbury and his friends are considering what to do with it. Up to the present, they have been able to make up their minds only on one claim, a claim "of imperative urgency." They have given £15,000 towards rebuilding the churches destroyed in the recent Jamaica earthquake! Almost as bad as Carnegie's additional £15,000 to Glasgow libraries! But just one question to the Archbishop. Does he believe that the earthquake—involving, as it did, the destruction of the churches—was the act of God? If so—well, never mind. But think it over.

A poet on the staff of the *World* writes :—

The Patents Act is now in force
And proves a perfect treasure,
And Free-Trade Rads can point, of course,
In triumph to the measure,
Regardless that it's every section
Is simply reeking of Protection.

As we are a non-party journal, and an important bye-election is imminent, it may be convenient to give, in the same classic form, the other side of the question :—

The Tory calls the Patents Act
A triumph for Protection,
And thinks, of course, that such a fact
Will win each bye-election;
No point, however, has been made,
The Act is based on true Free Trade.

It would be a good thing if we could teach children in schools the rule of the road. At present, at least one man out of ten has no sort of idea that it is his duty to keep to the right. In any street, on any day, you are certain to find people walking about aimlessly and dodging about when they pass others. Collisions cause bad blood; even fisticuffs result from the ignorance of an elementary convention. In Spain the rule of the road is that the inferior must always give way to the superior, and, as no one in Spain considers himself inferior to anybody, there are endless brawls. Englishmen are too polite to brawl, but anybody who walks abroad can testify that it is only by great forbearance and tact that altercations are avoided. We would gladly subscribe towards the cost of posters in every road and street, bearing the legend "Keep to the right." It is a source of endless annoyance when you walk about, rejoicing in your adherence to a golden rule, only to find that very many people have never heard of it. A system of fines, and, in the case of recidivists, imprisonment without the option of a fine, would go far to abate the nuisance.

Another irony. Two inquests were held in London the other day on two women, each of whom had died from cerebral hæmorrhage—the one after a bout of drinking, and the other—a life-long teetotaler—after drinking a cup of cocoa! It really doesn't do to generalise, does it?

We hear from shrewd observers at Constantinople that the Sultan is winning all along the line. He has weathered a serious conspiracy, and is reaping all the benefits of the new state of things. His authority is unimpaired; his country is freed from Komitajis, spies, and other harpies; his finances, army, navy, are being put in order. All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and he will certainly know how to manage a Parliament. All through a long reign he has triumphantly baffled the ingenuity of Europe. Is not he qualified to cope with the delegates of Kurds, Albanians, Syrians, Arabs, dwellers in Mesopotamia, all puffed out with conflicting interests?

The *Evening News* announces that Peter Karageorgevitch is "so convinced of the security of his position" that he has arranged to make a tour of various capitals, including London, Paris, and St. Petersburg. We presume he will come with a red Baedeker under his arm, and a bomb in each trouser pocket. He certainly will not expect to be received by any self-respecting monarch or president. It will be remembered that King Edward refused to receive his autograph letter when it was brought over by Pashitch at the time of the Balkan Exhibition. As a matter of fact, Peter's first journey will be when he travels back into exile. He now whistles in a vain endeavour to keep up his courage, and amuses himself by announcing triumphal progresses which will never take place. Lord Northcliffe is easily deceived.

Some sensation has been aroused in Belgrade by the publication of definite statements concerning the failure of a mining syndicate which was formed in England. Golden visions of prosperity danced before the eyes of the Servians when they heard that British capital had at last been attracted to their poor little country, and many of them pulled their savings out of their stockings to share in the good thing. Alas! the "good thing" soon went the way of the majority of financial enterprises in Servia.

Now it has been revealed by the *Vechernje Novosti*, a Belgrade daily paper, that the syndicate, which received a concession for the copper mine of Rebelj in West Servia, consisted of the following distinguished financiers :—(1) Alexander Tucker, Servian Consul-General in London, an undischarged bankrupt (see file No. 1589, Bankruptcy Court, Carey Street, 6th December, 1893); (2) an adventurer who has since decamped, and whose present address is unknown; (3) an undischarged bankrupt, who was dragged out of the Servian Consulate-General in London on a charge of forgery, and has since found refuge in a lunatic asylum; and (4) our old friend, Chedo Mijatovitch, sometime Servian Minister at the Court of St. James'. We do not, of course, impute to him any dishonesty, but we think it strange that this famous diplomatist, statesman, and author, should have recommended such disreputable associates to receive a concession from the Government of what is, after all, supposed to be a kingdom.

The "Holy Synod" at St. Petersburg has issued a manifesto against the celebration of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday, on the ground that since he arrived at the age of seventy his writings have been hostile to the Orthodox Church. Now, if it had only been the other way about! What rejoicings there would have been!

A correspondent recently called the attention of the Postmaster-General to the fact that if Press messages were charged for at the ordinary rate of a halfpenny a word, the deficit on the telegraph service would be wiped out; and he was much amused by the receipt of a letter from the Postmaster-General's secretary, stating that the special rate for newspaper messages was established by Act of Parliament some time ago, and that "Mr. Buxton does not, in present circumstances, *see his way to repeal that Act.*" Pretty strong language, our correspondent thinks, for a democratic Minister!

While an unceasing agitation is being fomented against motorists, the other side of the question seems

to be steadfastly ignored. Who has not noticed when driving, how pedestrians and bicyclists lounge along the middle of the road, scarcely deigning to step aside a hair's breadth to make room even for the heaviest and fastest car? Motorists have to be careful in their own interests, but it is stretching a point rather too far to expect them to run into hedges or ditches because some drowsy yokel dislikes to be disturbed. The methods of persons crossing a road on foot would be a fit subject for missionary and other educational effort. They seem never to make up their minds until the last moment; and then when a car is almost upon them, they dart forward at the risk of their lives. Cows and horses and other animals have been much more quick to assimilate themselves to the new conditions of traffic than human beings, who, after all, are perhaps the most obstinate and stupid of mortals.

Some steps ought to be taken to abate the intolerable nuisance of whistling for cabs in London. Anyone who is unfortunate enough to have a house or flat in the neighbourhood of a restaurant or theatre knows in advance what the worst tortures of the next world may be like. At every moment, from every direction, piercing noises make the welkin ring, in ones and twos and, now that a fresh signal has been invented for summoning taximeter motors, in threes, which are often repeated at intervals for half an hour or more. What effect this must have upon the nerves of invalids it is difficult to imagine. The horror is sufficiently haunting for the robust. An incessant noise like the sea or even an occasional rumble like that of a passing train may be tolerated after a certain amount of habit. But the sudden outbursts of fiendish whistles grow worse and worse as time goes on. We shall have to offer a prize for the invention of a substitute. Why not flashlights—blue for a hansom, red for a four-wheeler, and green for a taxi? Or why not have some pneumatic arrangement connecting houses with cab ranks? Substitute or no substitute, the nuisance must be stopped.

From Blackpool we hear of a young, tall, well set-up man going about the public streets playing an organ. He is minus one leg, and on his breast is a South African war medal. The inscription on the organ sets forth that he went through the South African war, was wounded in battle, had to have his leg amputated, is unable to obtain employment in consequence, and is thus compelled to his present means of making a living. If it is asked why young men do not join the Army, the answer will be found in degrading and humiliating spectacles of this kind. That a man wearing a British war medal and who has sacrificed a limb in his country's service, should be left to limp through the streets, grinding a barrel-organ for a livelihood, dependent on passing charity, is a disgrace to the War Office, a disgrace to the nation, and a disgrace to the King's Regulations. We cant and brag and bluster about what Tommy Atkins has done, and what he will do if the trumpets call again, and yet this is how we treat him when he has wrecked his strong young manhood for his country. Good old England! Good old Empire! Good old humbug!

If Mr. Runciman, the Minister for Education, can answer a plain question in a plain, unequivocal way, will he be good enough to inform us whether it is true that a large number of college-trained teachers are awaiting employment in elementary schools, while upwards of 23,000 supplementary teachers, possessing no effective qualifications whatever, are employed in such schools? This, briefly, is the allegation made by a writer in the *Labour Leader*; and if it be true, it is a condition of things which Mr. Runciman should not tolerate. Putting aside the injustice to trained teachers, what of the interests of the children who are put in charge of these ill-educated "supplementaries"? The children have a primary right to consideration. They are to be the citizens of the future. Some day the nation will be in their keeping. They will shape its destinies. To cripple and clog the educational machine by inefficient teaching is a wrong to them and a grave impediment to national progress.

A few days ago a boy of thirteen was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital by his mother. Her statement is that the boy was taken behind a screen, and when next she saw him he was dressed in a white gown. A little while afterwards she was told he had sank under an operation for the removal of a growth in the nose. She did not give her consent to the operation, and she says the doctor didn't say anything about it. The doctor's reply at the inquest was that he "thought it was an understood thing." We can well believe that the surgeon thought that the operation, in itself so simple that it took only five seconds to perform, should be done as "an understood thing." But what is serious in this case is that "though the physical condition of the child predisposed it to cardiac syncope," no examination seems to have been made as to whether he was a proper subject for the anæsthetic administered. The result was death, "accelerated by the anæsthetic." Here, then, is a plain fact wrapped in a cloud of medical phrases. The child was predisposed to heart trouble so serious that he was likely to succumb under a simple operation performed with anæsthetics, and yet that operation was performed not only without consent, but without preliminary examination. Thus stated, the case needs no further comment. The coroner's jury labelled it "Misadventure," and there we leave it.

We are in a position to state that the vacancy created by the lamented death of Sir Henry Moore Jackson, G.C.M.G., Governor of Trinidad and Tobago, has been filled by the appointment of Sir Edward Mereweather, at present Lieutenant-Governor of Malta. We are also able to announce that the Lieutenant-Governorship of Malta will be given to Mr. Fuller, C.M.G., the present Commissioner of Ashanti. Mr. Fuller is not a stranger to Malta, where he acted some six years ago as Assistant Secretary to the Governor. From there he proceeded to the some-time realm of King Koffee, where, according to a once popular music-hall song, on grand occasions the ladies of the Court used to attire themselves in a "penny postage stamp."

General Luard, whose wife was recently murdered—the police being still "without a clue"—makes the remarkable suggestion that, having regard to this awful crime, the "time has arrived for clearing away from our roads, our lanes, and our woods the many thousands of unemployed people, many of them in a desperate state from want, who may give way to temptation and commit the worst of sins." Unfortunately, the General does not say where he proposes to clear them to or how he proposes to do it. We suppose he would not shoot them, or poison them, or drown them, and failing these drastic remedies the only method of dealing with them appears to be to find them a job. But there's the rub, as Shakespeare would say. After all, many of the starving unemployed may be quite as free from crime as even the gallant General himself. Can he give the police no better assistance?

We regret to hear very bad accounts of the health of the Austrian Emperor. He is rapidly breaking up.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For advertising a tour "terminating with breakfast on Tuesday evening,"
THE A.I CO-OPERATIVE SHIPPING AND TOURIST SOCIETY, LTD.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Pope Pius the Ninth refused to authorise the marriage of the Prince de Sagan,
THE *EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the "Daily Mail" that "the hedge-sparrow is not a sparrow at all," and that "the house-sparrow and the tree-sparrow are finches,"
MR. J. E. WHITTING
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For inviting the public to send for samples of their cigars and cigarettes and forgetting to give an address,
JAMRACH & CO.
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a volume of the Union Jack Library, telling of a detective's adventure in Glasgow, "the great Scottish capital,"
THE PROPRIETORS OF THE UNION JACK LIBRARY
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that the "Koh-i-Noor" "leaves Fenchurch Street 9.5 a.m., and St. Pancras at 8.5 a.m., and Tilbury at 10,"
THE MANAGERS OF THE NEW PALACE STEAMERS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that he "will be at home after September 15th to interview PROSPECTIVE PARENTS,"
THE HEADMASTER OF CLIVE HOUSE, SOMERSET,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of July 25 August 1 and 8:—

R. H. SHACKLETON, 56, Lechmere Road, Cricklewood, N.W. (No. 91289—July 25th.)
H. CUTHBERT, 129, Akerman Road, Brixton, S.W. (No. 140365—August 1st.)
H. COOPER, 69, St. Mary's Road, Walthamstow. (No. 33875—August 1st.)
J. STUART, 13, St. Michael's Road, Aldershot. (No. 61441—August 1st.)
G. P. LLOYD, 43, Ullet Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool. (No. 61695—August 8th.)
ALFRED SMITH, 7, Killearn Road, Catford, S.E. (No. 16333—August 8th.)
H. L. C. DAVIETT, 81, Clarence Road, Kentish Town, N.W. (No. 89751—August 8th.)
R. C. HAMILTON, Oak Lea, St. James' Park, Harrogate. (No. 62216—August 1st.)
J. M. HEBBARD, Garth, Batheaston, Som. (No. 62256—August 8th.)
W. C. WICKENS, 1, Westfield Villas, Newbury. (No. 142509—August 8th.)
WM. J. THORPE, 2, Ladysmith Road, St. Albans, Herts. (No. 98749—August 8th.)
R. GORDON, 14, Hart Street, Carlisle. (No. 121215—August 8th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Aug. 15:—

1457; 6811; 7660; 8528; 9143; 17063; 17873; 18062; 19932; 25039; 26840; 27464; 29443; 37529; 43424; 44069; 46668; 50289; 51874; 52667; 55027; 60837; 64301; 65152; 70163; 70511; 73747; 77343; 78848; 82917; 84087; 84351; 85167; 87043; 89252; 92040; 93870; 98850; 100050; 106855; 111077; 122488; 126721; 127217; 128600; 136617; 142639; 143362; 143858; 145825.

INTERIM BOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE NEXT NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 24th (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 22nd).

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

TWO PIANOS.
TWENTY BICYCLES.
ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
TEN GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING BAGS.
TEN LADIES' DRESSING BAGS.
ONE HUNDRED WALKING STICKS.
SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
TWENTY DINNER SERVICES.
FIFTY HANDSOME VASES.
ONE HUNDRED PURSES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.
ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOYS.
ONE HUNDRED SETS OF STANDARD BOOKS.
FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS, OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
ONE HUNDRED CAKES.
ONE HUNDRED DOZEN MINCE PIES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY, AND GIN.
ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED CHEESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed below, and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned, on a similar basis, amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in Coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others (to be shortly announced) will apportion the Gifts, and their decision is to be final.

COUPON.

To be posted to, or left at (singly or in any quantities), JOHN BULL Publishing Offices, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., not later than six o'clock on the evening of December 15th.

I have sent, or handed, a copy of JOHN BULL to

.....

of .....

.....

.....

with whom I am personally acquainted, and have recommended him (or her) to become a regular reader of it; and in the event of my securing one of your Christmas Prizes, I am prepared, if requested by the Prize Committee, to give any further information which they may reasonably require.

Name ....

Address ....

Write distinctly. .....

NOTE.—This coupon may be cut out of the paper you send or hand to your friend or acquaintance. 19/9/08.

A HIDEOUS HUMAN DOCUMENT.

The following is a true story. The man who tells it is Alfred James McLagan, of 132, Addison Gardens, London:—

I was married to Mrs. McLagan at Holy Trinity Church, Aldwych, in the County of London, on the 7th day of December, 1885, and for about a period of eight years or so we lived very happily together.

About the year 1893 we had a "single man" come to lodge in the house, whom we found out later was a married man, and was living apart from his wife, and walking out with another young woman, and during the time this man resided with us, my wife became very fond of him. It became so serious that I was obliged to give this man notice to leave the house; he accordingly left us, but I found out later that he used to come and visit my wife frequently during my absence at business. I, however, spoke to my wife about it several times, and she simply said he used to call with the excuse of seeing me, but I may say that the man never came near the place during the time I should be most likely to be in. I also informed my wife that the neighbours were passing remarks as to this man calling, and she said then that there was nothing wrong. This discussion naturally resulted in a quarrel. I spoke to the man about it, and he said he would not call again, but I found out later that he still came to visit my wife when I was at work.

In 1901 we moved to another house, and again I found out he kept on calling at the new address, consequently matters grew worse and worse. I had repeatedly warned him not to call any more, but it was of no use. It was owing to a quarrel which I had with my wife on this subject that I struck her, whereupon she summoned me for assault, the result of which was that I was bound over to keep the peace for six months.

After this my wife told me she was going to leave me in a fortnight's time, which she did, and left me with six children, three boys and three girls—the eldest, aged fourteen years, the youngest one year and eight months old, whom she had not weaned.

Two days after she left me she applied for a summons against me for refusing to provide reasonable maintenance.

I put forward the housekeeping book, which was in her handwriting.

The magistrate (Mr. Lane) looked at the book, and asked her if all the things she had bought had been used in the house. She answered, "Yes."

The magistrate then said, "You do not appear to have gone short, as you have been spending from 24s. to 25s. per week in food."

He also asked her why she left me.

She said, "Because he threatened to chop my head off." When asked by the magistrate if the chopper was ever got for the purpose, she answered, "No."

The magistrate, however, adjourned the case for a fortnight, for us to arrange a mutual separation.

The terms she asked were as follows:—

I was to allow her £2 per week, and she was to have half the furniture in the house. I was to allow her £10 for new clothes, and I was to keep all the children.

Well, I could not agree to such terms as those, but I offered her 10s., which was afterwards increased to 12s. per week, and £3 for new clothes, and I agreed to take the children.

On the adjourned hearing of this summons, the magistrate was told we could not agree as to the terms of a separation, and remarked that he quite believed we lived a miserable life, and would be far better apart.

The magistrate, however, told the plaintiff that if she was willing to accept 13s. 6d. per week, and the defendant was willing to have the summons amended to one of desertion, "I could make an order on the ground that you left home in fear of your life." I said I was quite willing, but she said, "Cannot I have any more?"

The magistrate said, "I think that is a very fair offer;" when she agreed.

The order was made on the 24th of June, 1901, with only 4s. costs.

I paid the weekly maintenance regularly, in fact sometimes in advance, for about twelve months, when my wife started to interfere with my business, and the men I had working for me, causing my customers to make me wait for the settlement of my accounts.

In June, 1902, I, being short of cash, could not pay her, and was therefore over four weeks in arrears, when she could obtain a summons. At this date she obtained a warrant, and I was arrested and taken before the magistrate, and sent to Holloway, in default of paying about £6 10s., for a month.

I wrote to a friend and he kindly sent me the money, and I was released the next day.

In July, 1902, I was compelled to give up my place of business, and remove the children into the country, and carry on my work by myself and son.

My earnings were much less, and I therefore obtained a summons to reduce the weekly allowance.

Now the magistrate believed the account of my earnings until my wife's solicitor said that I was building houses, and earning £6 per week, which was false.

The magistrate dismissed the summons.

I got in arrears again with the weekly maintenance, and on 5th November, 1902, I was committed to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison for one month in default of paying about £3. I wrote a letter to one of my best friends, who sent me the money, and thereupon I was released the next day, and on the following day I applied once more at the Police Court for the order to be reduced; but on leaving the court I was arrested and taken back to Wormwood Scrubbs for one month for the non-payment of the rates on my business premises which I had left some months before, and this amount, viz., £9 10s., should have been paid by the agent who disposed of the lease.

During the time I was detained for the rates my wife went about telling people that knew me that I was in prison for stealing a bicycle.

In February, 1903, I was arrested on a warrant and taken before the magistrate and sent to Wormwood Scrubbs Prison again for six weeks, for the non-payment of about £12 maintenance.

During my incarceration I caused three of my children, girls, to be handed over to my wife to support, as she was in a position to support them, and I was entirely without means. She at once applied for them to be placed in the workhouse, but the guardians refused to take them in, unless she went in also. That she refused to do, so they allowed her outdoor relief.

Now on the morning I was released, at 7 a.m., my wife came with another woman to the prison gates, and molested and abused me, and at the same time handed over to me the three girls, and she had previously been to ask the relieving officer of the guardians to have me arrested once more for the cost of the outdoor relief which had been granted to her for the support of the children, during the time I was in prison, as aforesaid.

In May, 1903, I was persuaded by the Rev. Canon Keen, of the Roman Catholic Church, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, who had known me for some time, I having done a lot of work on the house he lived in, to let him speak to the sisters at the Convent, 9, Lower Seymour Street, W., also at the Convent, Mill Hill, N.W., as to my children entering their institution on payment of a weekly sum of 4s. each, so that if I had to go to prison again their education should not be interfered with.

At this time I was doing house repairs, gas-fitting, etc., on my own account, and only had four children to support, as my wife had persuaded the two eldest boys to leave me just as I was beginning to make them useful.

In February, 1904, I applied for a spare time agency for the Provident Association of London, and in August, 1904, as I had introduced quite a lot of business, I was appointed an assistant superintendent; in March, 1905, I was appointed superintendent, and I kept that appointment till May, 1908.

I may say that ever since I was released from prison in March, 1903, up till some date in 1904, my wife had not pressed for the money to be paid, and she verbally agreed that she would not trouble me for the money (as per magistrate's order) so long as I looked after the children properly.

During August, 1907, my eldest daughter was taken seriously ill, and I was obliged to send her to the hospital. My mother said I ought to let my wife know about the child's illness in case she should get worse and die. I accordingly informed my wife, with the result that she immediately applied for a summons against me for the whole of the arrears to date, amounting to £148 19s.

My daughter died on the 31st of August, 1907, and on the 26th I could not appear, as I was sitting by my daughter's bedside, who was at this time given up, and not

expected to live. A few days later my wife applied for a warrant to have me arrested, but the magistrate did not consent to it, as he was aware of the circumstances under which I was situated, but adjourned the application for a week. It was, however, further adjourned another week owing to the death of my daughter as above stated.

After the funeral I appeared, as requested, in court, and I was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in default of paying the £148 19s. It was at this time that my brother came forward and paid £10, and promised to pay the balance at £1 per month, which I have to pay him. The £10 is still owing, also four monthly instalments which he paid on my behalf, until I could repay him, perhaps, at some future date.

In November, 1907, I applied for a summons to vary the order, but my wife's solicitor made the magistrate believe I was in a better position than I was before, and he dismissed the case. The hearing only lasted about four minutes. Her solicitor, however, applied for a committal for the arrears to date, which the magistrate granted, and allowed me fourteen days to pay £8 10s., or one month.

My solicitor told me he had never seen a case of this nature being settled in such an unjustified manner without going into my earnings.

On April 2nd, 1908, I could not pay the £8 10s., so I was arrested, and taken to Brixton for one month. Now, during this time I petitioned the Home Secretary, calling his attention to the fact that I was being detained there for one month through inability to comply with the order, and support my children as well. But the reply was that he saw no grounds to interfere.

On April 27th, 1908, my wife applied for a summons again for the arrears to date, and had it served on me two days before I was released. I was therefore compelled to attend at the West London Police Court on May 4th, and I told the magistrate that I had only been released from Brixton Prison on the 1st. But he simply said, "Have you got the money?" I said, "No," and that I had not been able to do anything in the shape of work during three days. He sent me back for a further two months.

During the time I was serving the first month, my wife caused an anonymous letter to be sent to my employers, and informed them that I was detained in Brixton Prison. Of course, they then caused an inquiry to be made and found out that it was true, and they at once sent me a registered letter to the prison, withdrawing my appointment.

Now, as soon as I was sent back for the two months, as above mentioned, I petitioned the Home Secretary again, laying all the facts of the case before him, and the only reply I could get from him was to the effect that the pleas I put forward should be addressed to the court, and I was told that the Home Secretary has no power whatever to interfere in such cases.

I therefore sent my pleas to the court, but I was only informed that when I was released I could apply to the court for a summons to vary the order. I had already done this several times without any reduction in same.

In June, 1908, Sir Alfred Reynolds visited the prisoners at Brixton, so I laid the whole facts of the case before him, and called his attention to others who were detained there on similar grounds. He was, indeed, greatly astonished at the manner in which I was being treated by the court.

I was also advised by the prison officials to again petition the Home Secretary, but on so doing his reply was that he saw no grounds for him to interfere.

However I was released on the 3rd of July, 1908, when I applied for a summons to vary the order, and after a tremendous struggle, the magistrate decided to reduce the order from 13s. 6d. to 10s. per week.

I am at the present time £8 in arrears, which amount has accrued during the time I have been in prison and three weeks I have been out, and I am now being threatened that I shall have to go back if I do not pay up the arrears very soon.

At the present time I am out of employment, and have no means or home. In fact I am nearly destitute, with three children to support.

[We have verified this terrible tragedy. Let any reader who feels interested in it make his own enquiries. We have sent the poor fellow a few pounds. Any sums forwarded us for him shall be judiciously applied.—EDITOR, JOHN BULL.]

OUR TERRITORIALS: THEIR RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY FUSILIER.

Successful as the first training camps of our Territorials have proved, it is inevitable that some complaints should have reached us. Of these many of course are trivial, for young as well as old soldiers will "grouse." Three, however, appear to be justified in the several cases by the facts.

ARMS.

The newly-formed field batteries have been told by Mr. Haldane that they "are to sink or swim on their own." Why not then encourage them to swim (or shoot) by supplying them with the necessary instruments? The three batteries that went through an ordeal the other week at Lydd were furnished with old war-worn 15-pounders, instead of with the converted guns with which they had been drilling, the acute difference being that the obsolete weapons had crocheted bores while those altered into quick-firers are unimpaired as to their rifling. Futhermore, indirect laying was insisted upon, although one of the units engaged had never before even fired over a land range, and none of them have ever been given the range-finding apparatus necessary for this species of fire. Our citizen artillerists were set a task which was humanly impossible. The pitiful sequel was that the fire effect was practically nil, one effective shrapnel only being obtained from the 96 rounds that ineffectively sought the targets. And, be it added, the much-discussed matters of riding, driving, and manœuvring did not enter into question at this miserable exhibition, where the guns were placed ready for the men at the firing position.

AND THE MONEY, TOO.

These enthusiastic citizen gunners have returned to their hearths and homes thoroughly disgusted with their own bad shooting, with the mandarins at the War Office, who, as ever in the past, seem incapable of seeing even such a wee bit in advance of their noses, and with the Service in general. So also are the three hundred and odd employees of Chatham Dockyard, who, on their return to work, were paid as usual for the August Bank Holiday, but who were dismayed to learn that they could not receive wages for the other thirteen days spent in camp as Territorialists, as no authority had been received from the Admiralty. Now, these men—many of whom are skilled artisans earning from thirty to fifty shillings per week—enlisted in the new force upon the undertaking from H.M. Government that their wages should accrue while on military duty, minus their Territorial pay. The position on August 10th, the day of their return to the Dockyard, was a more than disagreeable one. Not a few of these patriotic fellows have, with their wives and bairns, felt for the first time during their employment under Government the pinch of poverty, and have had during the last fortnight to obtain credit and borrow money—always a costly proceeding where workmen are concerned. Not until the end of the month did the sleepy functionaries at Whitehall wake up to the fact that the necessary authority for the payment of wages to Territorial employees had not been sent to Chatham. This dockyard is not so far away as, say, Malta. If it was there might have been some excuse for what seems on the face of it to be a piece of inexcusable official negligence.

A HAWKER'S LICENCE.

Here again is another example of the want of sympathy with which Mr. Haldane's new Territorial force is treated by some of his colleagues in the Government. When the "Terriers" went down to Bisley on bulls' eyes intent, the bazaar lines of their camp were visited by a posse of Somerset House young men, who demanded the exhibition forthwith from the occupant of every canvas shop of a hawker's licence. Of course none of these volunteer sellers were provided with that indispenable passport to peddling or—pegging. In the course of a few days they received demand notes, with, however, an intimation that if they stumped up a mitigated penalty of £2 they would hear no more about the matter—for the present. The gallant Territorials were up, metaphorically if not literally, in arms, and immediately enlisted in the ranks of the passive resisters. This heroic action had its effect on the Board of Inland Revenue, inasmuch as the Commissioners notified the sometime tent holders that they "have decided to take no further action for the recovery of duty for the current year." But the Board announces that the matter will be considered next year. This is an obvious threat, and threats are not wholesome nutriment for the new-born child of our military progeny.

THE "SPIRIT PHOTO" FAKE.

With the publication of the following articles, the discussion upon this subject must, for the present, conclude. We have given Archdeacon Colley his opportunity, and he has slunk away—even though we offered to give £1,000 to the King's Hospital Fund if a "spirit photo" could be produced, in our presence, under the conditions stated by the Archdeacon himself. We repeat that the Archdeacon's photos of the spirits of his mother and father are a fake, and that he is either a fool or a fraud. We rather lean to the latter alternative.

A REPLY TO OUR RECENT ARTICLE.

By H. B.

John Bull has the reputation of standing up for fair play, so I trust you will insert this reply to "A Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society," as some of the statements he has made should certainly be corrected.

Writing with a knowledge of ten years' study of the subject, and the possession of a collection of over two thousand examples of psychic photography, I am of the opinion that the spirit faces published by Archdeacon Colley are perfectly genuine productions, though somewhat unfortunately the background appears to have been filled in, probably for printing purposes. Possibly the same medium would under similar conditions be able to obtain other spirit manifestations, though it is remarkable that in the earlier stages of the mediumship, satisfactory results are spasmodic. When the medium is, however, fully developed, good and satisfactory spirit pictures can usually be depended upon. In one sitting I had with Dr. Keeler in Washington, seventeen plates out of eighteen, exposed rapidly one after another, were found to have been used by the spirit workers. It would be very interesting to have a reference to the "well-known" case where the dealer was supposed to be "squared" to sell specially prepared plates. It is the first time I have heard of it, and such a thing seems exceedingly improbable.

Respecting Mr. Mumler, it would also have been "only fair" to have mentioned that some of the best-known photographers of the day had strictly test séances with him and failed to find any signs of trickery whatever; also that great numbers of people testified to the fact that through his mediumship they had received spirit portraits of those near and dear to them.

As to the statement that "no one heard anything more about Mr. Foster," because some person had supposed that one of the faces had been copied from a painting, the fact is that Mr. Frank N. Foster has been carrying on his work as a photographic medium for the past twenty years, and his advertisement in a Chicago paper is now before me. It is greatly to be regretted that your correspondent has seen fit to repeat the stale and silly slander respecting one of the greatest photographic experts of the day. This unfair attempt to belittle Mr. Taylor's reputation was emphatically refuted in the photographic press some four years ago.

I regret that the name of the late Mr. A. L. Henderson has been brought in, but it is amusing to be told that he, too, was supposed to be duped. My reply to this is a quotation from an editorial report of a lecture on "Psychic Photography" in the leading weekly paper, *Photography*, June 4th, 1904:—"A. L. H. was in his most vigorous and aggressive form. . . . But there could be no doubt about his utterances when he proceeded to confess that . . . his bogus spirit photographs had been accepted and believed in by mediums and spiritualists . . . that he had tricked and deceived mediums time after time. . . . After a life of such deceit as Mr. Henderson had confessed to, the lecturer smilingly said, he shuddered to contemplate what lay before him in the beyond."

Probably the mediums would have had a different story to tell, but there was no doubt that Mr. Henderson did try over and over again to deceive them, and many others, and very foolishly seemed to think that he was clever in so doing.

Our French neighbours have approached the consideration of the subject in a business-like and sensible manner by the formation of a society to collect evidence, offer prizes for any improvements in plates and suitable apparatus, and generally to establish psychic photography on a proper basis. Many of the leading scientists have already joined the organization, which has been promoted by a well-known and energetic scientist and reformer, Monsieur Emmanuel Vauchez. France, which has always been a pioneer in photography, can already boast of two psychic photographers in Dr. Hippolyte Baraduc and Commandant Darget, whose productions are most interesting, though they do not seem as yet to have obtained many spirit faces.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY."

"A Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society," whose article under the above heading appeared in our issue dated August 22nd, writes as follows:—"I am very sorry indeed to be compelled to enter the arena again, but my statements anent the recantment of Mr. Taylor have been challenged by A. F. G., 'A Lover of Truth,' and others. I quite expected my statements would cause some little excitement among spiritualists who have put so much faith in, and continually quote, Mr. Taylor. His recantment, unfortunately, was never made publicly, but only to his intimate friends; he knew well what a sensation it would cause, the arguments, etc., and he, genial soul that he was, wanted none of it, as he already had had quite enough. Very few, if any, of us having made a blunder would care to publish a retraction to the world. Such things are, as a rule, kept to oneself as much as possible. My readers will, therefore, have to take my word for the recantation, just as spirit photographers expect me and the world in general to take their word for the genuineness of their productions. I am by no means the only person to whom Mr. Taylor made the statement, and I trust a few of the others who see this note will support me. The gentleman who was Mr. Taylor's sub-editor for many years, and who ably filled the editorial chair at Mr. Taylor's death, probably knows more than anyone else about the matter, but he is now in America, and it will be some considerable time before I can get a reply to the letters and copies of John Bull I have sent to him.

"Since the publication of my previous article I have had several statements in Mr. Taylor's original lecture pointed out to me, as showing that he was not so convinced as spiritualists would have us believe. The lecture appeared in Mr. Taylor's own journal, dated March 17th, 1893, and is reprinted in 'The Veil Lifted.' The statements are:—(1) 'On some plates were abnormal appearances, on others none.' (2) 'In some of my experiments I relaxed my conditions to the extent of getting one of those present to lift out from the dark slide the exposed plate and transfer it to the developing dish.' (3) 'The psychic figures behaved badly; some were in focus, others not so; some were lighted from the right, while the sitter was so from the left.' (4) 'Not one of the figures which came out so strongly in the negative was visible in any shape or form to me during the time of exposure in the camera.' (5) 'I carefully examined one (a spirit photograph) in the stereoscope, and found that, while the two sitters were stereoscopic *per se*, the psychic figure was absolutely flat; I also found that the psychic figure was at least a millimetre higher up in one than the other.' These extracts, I think, speak for themselves. Mr. Taylor said that *some* plates left his hand, and that spirit forms were only on *some*. Were the forms on those that Mr. Taylor handled or the others? I should say the latter, but we are not told.

"Many pages of John Bull could be filled with this class of matter, and we should be as far off obtaining a genuine photograph of a psychic form as we are now. What we photographers want, and want badly, are opportunities for making experiments. Let a representative body of photographers well-known to the world be appointed, and let them settle once and for all the burning question of spirit photography. I would suggest the President of the Royal Photographic Society (J. C. S. Mummery), G. E. Brown, R. Child Bayley, E. J. Wall, P. R. Salmon, T. Thorne Baker, T. Bolas, and the five following, who had something to say on the evening of Mr. Taylor's famous lecture:—A. Mackie, A. Haddon, J. S. Teape, F. A. Bridge, and W. E. Debenham."

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 269.

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A second edition is now on sale everywhere. Everybody should read "The Singular Experience of Mr. John Scott Eccles." See that you get it.

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A MILLIONAIRE'S AFTERNOON.

The millionaire sat in his sanctum smoking a guinea cigar and reading a society paper. His butler bustled into the room with three telegrams on a golden salver.

"Read 'em to me, Blummer," said the millionaire in a resigned tone.

"Your horse Blueblood, sir, has won the Ascot Cup by a length amidst a demonstration——"

"Enough of that—the next."

"Your motor-car, sir, has won the Motor Derby at Brooklands in record time amidst loud and continuous hoot——"

"Stop that—read the next."

"Your prize boar has been awarded the gold medal at the Royal Agricultural Show."

"Blummer," said the millionaire, "read these beastly wires outside. Just tell me when I've lost something. I'm sick of hearing about my winnings."

"Yes, sir," said the butler, retiring in a dignified manner.

In a moment the butler returned. "Excuse me, sir, but a gentleman wishes to see you on strictly private business."

"Does he give his name, Blummer?"

"No, sir, he declines to give any name."

"Ah, keep him in the hall for a minute till I've instructed the detectives and shorthand writers to take their places. Put two chairs close by the loop-holed wall, Blummer. Now I think everything's ready. Show him in."

The butler ushers in a man attired in dingy black, who bustles effusively up to the millionaire, holding out his hand.

"Oh, do you mind taking that seat—the one nearest the wall. Please speak in a loud, distinct voice as—ahem—I'm a little deaf. Now state your name and business."

The dingy-looking man smiles ingratiatingly. There is a rustle of note-books being got ready in the back-ground.

"So glad to see you, sir. My name is Smith, and I've called to see if you will become a subscriber to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews."

A burst of laughter, which shows that even detectives have not lost their sense of humour, makes Mr. Smith jump.

"Blummer," cried the millionaire, "turn this person out and never let him into the house again.

The millionaire resumed the perusal of his paper. Suddenly the butler reappeared at the door. "If you please, sir, there's another visitor."

"I'll see no one, Blummer."

"But he's forcing his way in, sir—he's trying to push past me now."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know, sir. All that he'll tell me is that he's a murderer."

At this moment the murderer pushes his way past the butler.

"Ha, I'll have your blood—just let me get at your throat. Heavens above, I'll smash everything in this room into atoms just to show you I'm in earnest. Give me a thousand pounds or die. I'd rather kill you. Quick with the money or I'll out you in half-a-minute."

The millionaire hurriedly turned out his pockets. "I beg your pardon, but I've only got £82 14s. 2d. here. You're very welcome to it, and I'll send a cheque for the rest by to-night's post. Only please don't stay here and excite yourself."

The murderer grabs the money, and by the exercise of infinite self-restraint, refrains from wringing the millionaire's neck. He is heard threatening to throttle the butler in the hall as he leaves the house.

"Blummer," cried the millionaire.

"Yes, sir."

"I'd rather not see that gentleman again. He is well-meaning, but he gets on my nerves. Just tell my secretary to come at once with my cheque-book."

As the butler hurried away the millionaire sighed, "And some of these Socialist beggars actually envy me."

R. M.

ESPERANTO.

Give me a language like a plant,
  That lives and grows to gradual beauty;
Because it must by natural law,
  Fulfil its philosophic duty.
Give me the speech of Shakespeare's verse,
  Miltonic line, Spenserian canto,
But take these hot-house "plants" away,
  Your Volapuk and Esperanto!

A. J. H.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Lily and the Devil," by Eleanor Wyndham (Lauric: 6s.), is crude and unequal, though it contains some striking situations and some shrewd estimates of character. The villains are much too villainous, and the heroine is terribly improbable. Having acquired the gambling taint at the age of four, she sacrifices all her prospects to gratify her taste for roulette, but unlike any gambler who ever existed, she always wins, and she is always utterly indifferent about her success. It is a gloomy book and much too long, but possesses possibilities of excellence, which may perhaps justify the author in pruning and rewriting it.

"The Passion of Paul Marillier," by Adeline Sergeant (Methuen: 6s.), is full of improbable sensations, and I am surprised at myself for having read it to the end. The good people behave even more unnaturally than the bad ones, and the wicked hero's "passion" for a stupid crippled son is shared by the other puppets to an absurd degree. The chief excuse for the story is to be found in the skill with which the mystery is hidden from the reader; but, when at last it is divulged a sense of dissatisfaction remains. Most aggravating of all are the subsidiary characters, who never really come to life, and have evidently been introduced merely as padding.

Some time ago an anonymous scribbler brought out a silly little story called "The Future Prime Minister" (Richards: 2s. 6d.), glorifying the Protectionist heresy. Since then his eyes have evidently been opened, and he has become reconciled to the blessings of Free Trade. So he brings out a new edition of the same stupid book, with a preface informing us of his conversion. As I do not even know who he is, I am entirely unmoved by the fact that he has emerged from darkness into light.

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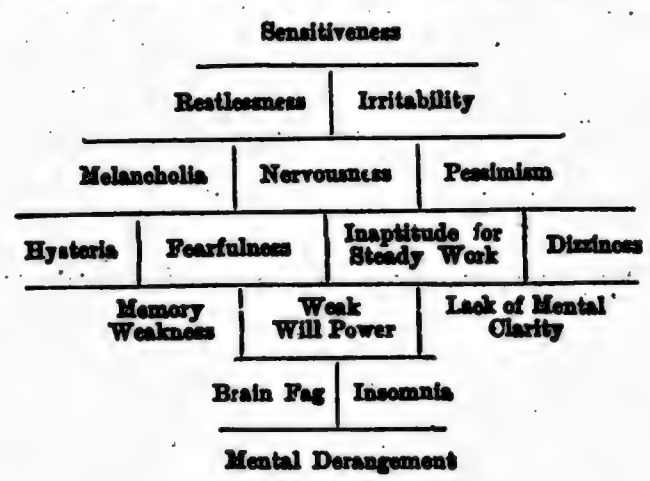
The following pedigree of the creeping development of "Nervous Asthenia," or "Neurasthenia," shows the fearful descent of the sufferer into the purgatory of pain of nerves crying for—not "stimulants" or "sedatives," but nutrition.



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As showing the pitiably deplorable condition to which the sufferer from neurasthenia may descend, the fear of insanity expressed in the following letter extracts bear ample witness:—

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A MILLIONAIRE'S AFTERNOON.

The millionaire sat in his sanctum smoking a guinea cigar and reading a society paper. His butler bustled into the room with three telegrams on a golden salver.

"Read 'em to me, Blummer," said the millionaire in a resigned tone.

"Your horse Blueblood, sir, has won the Ascot Cup by a length amidst a demonstration——"

"Enough of that—the next."

"Your motor-car, sir, has won the Motor Derby at Brooklands in record time amidst loud and continuous hoot——"

"Stop that—read the next."

"Your prize boar has been awarded the gold medal at the Royal Agricultural Show."

"Blummer," said the millionaire, "read these beastly wires outside. Just tell me when I've lost something. I'm sick of bearing about my winnings."

"Yes, sir," said the butler, retiring in a dignified manner.

In a moment the butler returned. "Excuse me, sir, but a gentleman wishes to see you on strictly private business."

"Does he give his name, Blummer?"

"No, sir, he declines to give any name."

"Ah, keep him in the hall for a minute till I've instructed the detectives and shorthand writers to take their places. Put two chairs close by the loop-holed wall, Blummer. Now I think everything's ready. Show him in."

The butler ushers in a man attired in dingy black, who bustles effusively up to the millionaire, holding out his hand.

"Oh, do you mind taking that seat—the one nearest the wall. Please speak in a loud, distinct voice as—ahem—I'm a little deaf. Now state your name and business."

The dingy-looking man smiles ingratiatingly. There is a rustle of note-books being got ready in the back-ground.

"So glad to see you, sir. My name is Smith, and I've called to see if you will become a subscriber to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews."

A burst of laughter, which shows that even detectives have not lost their sense of humour, makes Mr. Smith jump.

"Blummer," cried the millionaire, "turn this person out and never let him into the house again.

The millionaire resumed the perusal of his paper. Suddenly the butler reappeared at the door. "If you please, sir, there's another visitor."

"I'll see no one, Blummer."

"But he's forcing his way in, sir—he's trying to push past me now."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know, sir. All that he'll tell me is that he's a murderer."

At this moment the murderer pushes his way past the butler.

"Ha, I'll have your blood—just let me get at your throat. Heavens above, I'll smash everything in this room into atoms just to show you I'm in earnest. Give me a thousand pounds or die. I'd rather kill you. Quick with the money or I'll out you in half-a-minute."

The millionaire hurriedly turned out his pockets. "I beg your pardon, but I've only got £82 14s. 2d. here. You're very welcome to it, and I'll send a cheque for the rest by to-night's post. Only please don't stay here and excite yourself."

The murderer grabs the money, and by the exercise of infinite self-restraint, refrains from wringing the millionaire's neck. He is heard threatening to throttle the butler in the hall as he leaves the house.

"Blummer," cried the millionaire.

"Yes, sir."

"I'd rather not see that gentleman again. He is well-meaning, but he gets on my nerves. Just tell my secretary to come at once with my cheque-book."

As the butler hurried away the millionaire sighed, "And some of these Socialist beggars actually envy me."

R. M.

ESPERANTO.

Give me a language like a plant,
  That lives and grows to gradual beauty;
Because it must by natural law,
  Fulfil its philosophic duty.
Give me the speech of Shakespeare's verse,
  Miltonic line, Spenserian canto,
But take these hot-house "plants" away,
  Your Volapuk and Esperanto!

A. J. H.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"The Lily and the Devil," by Eleanor Wyndham (Lauric: 6s.), is crude and unequal, though it contains some striking situations and some shrewd estimates of character. The villains are much too villainous, and the heroine is terribly improbable. Having acquired the gambling taint at the age of four, she sacrifices all her prospects to gratify her taste for roulette, but unlike any gambler who ever existed, she always wins, and she is always utterly indifferent about her success. It is a gloomy book and much too long, but possesses possibilities of excellence, which may perhaps justify the author in pruning and rewriting it.

"The Passion of Paul Marillier," by Adeline Sergeant (Methuen: 6s.), is full of improbable sensations, and I am surprised at myself for having read it to the end. The good people behave even more unnaturally than the bad ones, and the wicked hero's "passion" for a stupid crippled son is shared by the other puppets to an absurd degree. The chief excuse for the story is to be found in the skill with which the mystery is hidden from the reader; but, when at last it is divulged a sense of dissatisfaction remains. Most aggravating of all are the subsidiary characters, who never really come to life, and have evidently been introduced merely as padding.

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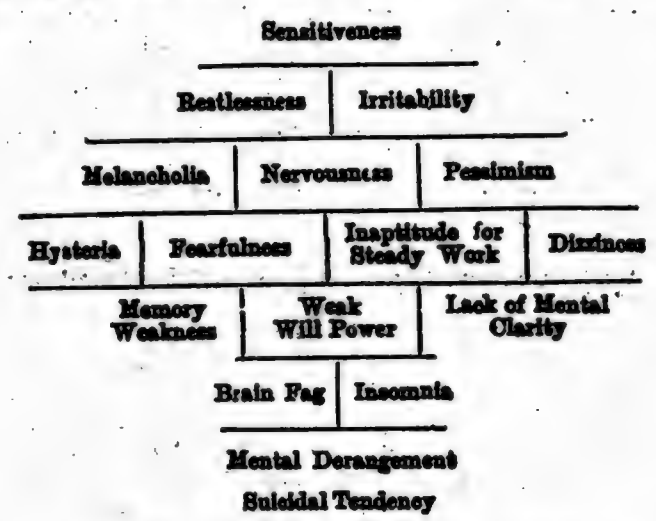

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To His Majesty King Edward VII.

Dear King,—Delighted to notice that you are so much better for your "cure." When I saw you off from Marienbad I thought you looked what a junior reporter would have called the picture of health. Your step was buoyant, your eye was clear, and your smile was cheery, and this despite the fact that the weather could hardly have been worse. On the evening of your arrival home I notice that you went to see my old friend Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Queer title, and queerer play, but I hope it will catch the public eye. All humorists are almost pathetically anxious that the world should take them seriously, whenever they feel disposed to become tragic. J. seems desperately in earnest in this business, though I'm sure I don't know what would happen to a man who went about a lodging-house trying to make people good. Anyhow, J. is deeply grateful for your Majesty's august patronage, and the man at the booking-office hopes great things from it. By the way, when do your Majesty and the Queen go to Berlin? I am desirous of remaining on the best of terms with the German people, and I am sure your Majesty will take every available opportunity on your visit of elaborating that assurance in your own royal way. Meantime, my loyalty and my affectionate regards are with your Majesty, your house, and your throne. John Bull.

To Mr. Arthur Shakesby, Evangelist, Filey.

Dear Mr. Shakesby,—Let me offer you my congratulations on the splendid record which you have achieved in the saving of human lives. You again imperilled your own life at Filey a few days ago to save that of another. It was in every way a deed of heroism, and something more than that, too—a deed characterised by presence of mind and ready resource not only in the midst of grave dangers, but of grave difficulties.

The facts are that a party of friends and yourself went out to visit the Brigg. One of them, a Miss Deverell, ventured round the corner past the caves, and in a few moments she was caught up by a wave and immersed to the waist in the sea, and, overcome by the shock, fainted. You and the rest of the party, at this time some distance away, did not know that anything was amiss. Preparing to leave, you called to Miss Deverell, but receiving no answer, went in search of her. You then found her lying unconscious upon one of the great ledges. Unable to reach her otherwise, you swam round the rocks, and seized her, only to be swamped by the huge breakers which were now sweeping forward. Pluckily you held to your precious burden, however, and after a great struggle were able to place Miss Deverell in a place of safety.

Your own return was now cut off by the tide. You tried to swim for assistance to some boats in the bay, but were compelled to return. But that big, brave, resourceful heart of yours was not discouraged. Wrapping your overcoat round the lady you climbed the cliffs, and, reaching Filey, were able to obtain assistance for her rescue, though her life was restored only after artificial respiration had been applied. This, sir, is Christianity of the kind which appeals to me. In the Church as in the world, example is a greater thing than precept; the doing of it better than the preaching about it; and in you, sir, I recognise that the Master has a servant who will go through the world strong and fearless for the great good cause of human love. All life's blessings be with you. John Bull.

To Mr. Arthur S. Hall, Portland Road, Blackpool.

Dear Sir,—Probably there are few calamities which can befall a man more terrible than that he should be born to grope his way through the world in darkness. This has been your fate. From birth the wonders and beauties of the world have been shut out from your sightless eyes. For twenty-six years you have lived and moved without a glimpse of sea, or sky, or sun, or moon, or stars, of bud or bloom, of one human face. But at last the light has come to you, and you see. The world of your imagination has become the world of your vision. With the brain and the fibre, the hopes and the yearnings of a man, you see it as a child, to learn as a child. Let me congratulate you. After all, was even twenty-six years of darkness too great a price to pay for that sight of the features of the mother who bore you, and of the wondrous newness of everything around you? I wonder.

They say—I myself have said often—that miracles do not happen. We read that in the old far-off days the blind were restored to sight at the touch of a Divine hand. I am told that for year after year you went from specialist to specialist only to hear one hopeless, unvarying verdict. At last a Manchester oculist bade you not to lose hope, and with that message ringing in your heart the curtains of darkness have been drawn aside.

That is so great a miracle that I almost hesitate to believe it can have happened. But you say it is true, and I am sceptic no longer. I trust that the sight which has come to you will remain yours always. You will behold much to sadden you, but much also to make you happy; and if you find in your wonderland more joy than sorrow, more laughter than tears, more hope than despair, more right than wrong, the vision will be precious indeed—and worth all the waiting for. John Bull.

To Cardinal Vannutelli, Westminster.

Your Eminence,—I do not quite understand why you claim the title of Papal Legate or why the newspapers are assuming that your visit is an historical event to be compared with that of Cardinal Pole 374 years ago. Surely a legate is an official Ambassador of the Holy See, and I have yet to learn that His Majesty has consented to receive a representative of the Pope on a diplomatic mission. All the same, I am very glad to see you, and I hope you will have a pleasant time at the White City and any other tourist resorts you may care to patronise. I do not share the fears of the extreme Protestants, who look under their beds for Jesuits every night. Even if I were convinced that the Roman Catholic religion was a dangerous and debased form of superstition, I should not be in the very least little bit afraid of it. After all, however good a religion it may be, however much it may have contributed to the spread of morality, it is essentially a foreign creed and as such never likely to secure a hold over the imagination of the British people. At the same time, like Italian opera, Italian scenery, and other products of your poetic country, it possesses a grace and charm which I should not like to see altogether excluded from my foggy islands. You are, therefore, quite welcome to hold as many congresses in London as you like, to lead processions through the streets, and to parade cathedrals under a silken canopy. I only ask one small return for my hospitality, and that is that you should take Father Vaughan back with you to Rome. John Bull.

J. B. Joel.

Congratulations on your St. Leger victory. The crowd seems to be getting more reconciled to your successes—particularly when you win with a favourite. I should not be surprised if even Sievier backed your horse. Why not shake hands with him and have done with this long-standing feud? Bull.

Shackleton, Nottingham.

Congratulations on your excellent management of the Trade Union Congress. Labour is well represented by men like yourself, and it is to be hoped that you will continue to keep the wilder spirits of social democracy in order. This is a sober, sensible country, and progress is only possible when it is combined with common sense. Bull.

Rockefeller, New York.

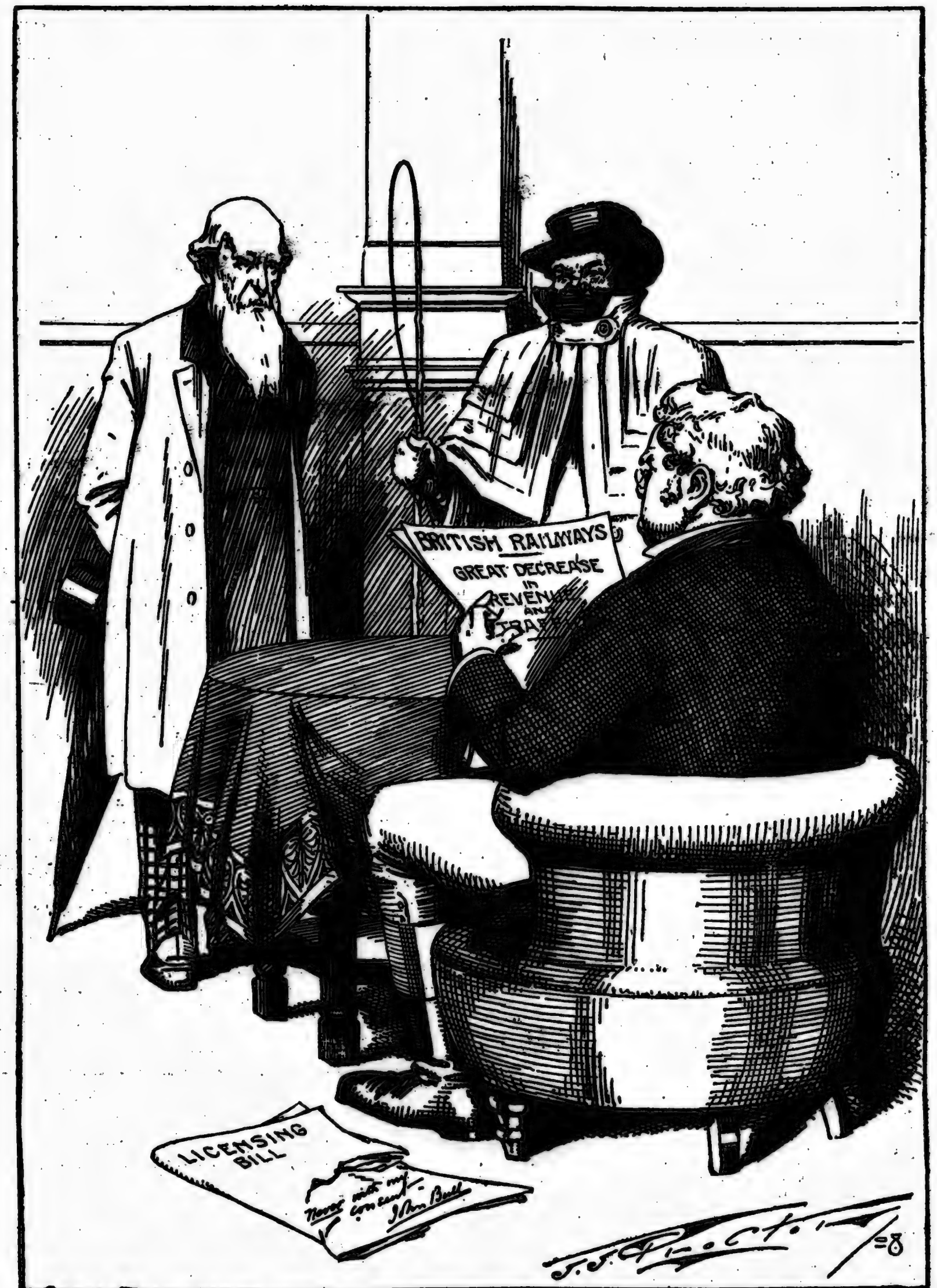
Entirely agree with you in repudiating the advice which moralists have tendered for generations, that the great effort of the young should always be directed towards the avoidance of debt. You evidently know what you are talking about and you are quite right in pointing out that it is only by borrowing that the impecunious can obtain money to play with, and that without money to play with it is impossible to grow rich. How much will you lend me? Bull.

EPITAPH ON A STINGY SCOT.

If you want a good time while here upon earth,
Just take the advice of a laddie from Perth:
Get all you can from each friend and relation,
And cultivate men of superior station.
If beggar or tramp try the game upon you,
Ne'er tender a sixpence nor part with a sou;
But rather, by taking example from me,
Try yourself a redoubtable beggar to be.
Thus, while you're alive, you'll have me to thank
For a tidy account at Somebody's Bank;
Your land will abound with milk and with honey,
And you'll join me in hell with plenty of money.

A. J. H.

TIT FOR TAT.



JOHN BULL (to Railway Director): "I'm sorry that motor traction is stealing so much of your business, but you mustn't forget that you stole it yourself years ago from my old friend here."

IN THE CITY.

THE ISLANDS INSURANCE COMPANY.

We have from time to time uttered a word of warning as to this company, and we have now to repeat and emphasise it. About March of this year the directors of the Temple Fire and Accident Insurance Corporation, Ltd., decided to dispose of their monthly sickness and accident business owing to the large increase in their fire, motor-car, third party, and other departments. A friend of Mr. J. Manders Burrows, hearing that the Corporation wished to dispose of its monthly business, approached it with a view to negotiating the sale. The purchase price was eventually agreed upon, and contract for the sale was drawn up and executed about the end of April, the purchase price being guaranteed by the then chairman, Lieut.-Col. C. C. Vaid.

All books and documents in connection with the monthly business were thereupon handed over to the Islands Insurance Company, who undertook to endorse all policies issued in the name of the Temple Fire Corporation, and to send out a circular letter issued by it in conjunction with one of their own, informing all policy-holders of the transfer, and that the Islands Insurance Company would, in future, receive all premiums and be liable for all claims.

At the same time, in order to assist the Islands, the Temple Fire Corporation undertook to settle on their behalf, and did settle, all claims of which they had notice after April 1st, 1908 (the date upon which the purchase was to take effect), and until May 1st, 1908. These moneys, paid on behalf of the Islands, have never been repaid to the Temple Fire, nor have they ever been able to recover the balance of the purchase money.

The Temple Fire Corporation subsequently found that in very few cases had the policies been endorsed by the Islands Company as agreed, nor had the circular letters been despatched to the policy-holders. As a result of this the various claimants under the policies, finding they could get no redress or satisfaction from the Islands Insurance Company, proceeded to enforce their claims against the Temple Fire Corporation, and in many cases the receipt of a letter from a firm of solicitors was the first intimation the Corporation had that they were expected to pay. Although the Islands Insurance Company had been receiving the premiums since the date of the contract, the neglect of Mr. J. Manders Burrows to send out the circular letters and endorse the policies left the legal liability with the Temple Fire Corporation, though there was no moral liability on their part to pay.

The Corporation has, however, in every case settled these claims to the satisfaction of the policy-holders, and in some few cases where the endorsement had been entered on the policies, and, therefore, even the legal liability did not exist, they have also settled the claims.

The amount paid by the Corporation on behalf of the Islands Insurance Company up to the present date, without counting the expenses of settlement, amounts to £160 13s. 3d., and we are informed that other outstanding claims would amount to quite another £100.

In some few cases in which cheques for small amounts have been sent to claimants by the Islands in settlement of their claims, we are informed they have been dishonoured.

The Temple Fire Corporation has no hope of ever receiving anything paid out by them on behalf of the Islands Insurance Company, and we understand that the chairman of the Islands Company, owing to the unsatisfactory way in which Mr. J. Manders Burrows has been conducting the affairs of the company, has recently resigned his position.

THE UNITED KINGDOM FEDERATION.

We shall be glad if any of our readers who have any knowledge of the founders and managers of this concern will communicate their information to us. In a document before us, issued by this institution, we are informed that:—

> There is no other Company, Society, or Federation whose policy holders have their premiums paid during sickness.
>
> It is the only Federation whose members can purchase a house without deposit whilst living in it by the rent alone.
>
> The three companies comprising this Federation have policy holders, certificate holders, and members numbering over one million.

Now, a correspondent of ours tell us that he applied for employment, and was told that he could get it—

> If he was prepared to invest £100 in cash in the Federation.

It is a little surprising that a Federation with such high pretensions should be in want of £100 from each of its employees. Our correspondent writes:—

> I was told at an interview with a man in a back office on the 3rd floor of 35, Moorgate Street, City, by name, James Etchells, that I could have at once the appointment for one or more districts by placing £100 cash down for each. Remuneration was to be arranged after this had been done.

Our present information is that this United Kingdom Federation, as it calls itself, has not been in existence for many weeks. They are not in the Directory, and they are not mentioned on the door posts of No. 35, Moorgate Street.

THE SKAGIT QUEEN CONSOLIDATED MINING CO.

This is an American concern with a capital of two million dollars in shares of one dollar each. Its head office is at Seattle, Washington, U.S.A., and its shares are now being hawked about in this country. A Harrogate correspondent writes to us as follows:—

> Several hundred thousand of these shares are being hawked round this neighbourhood with a glowing tale as to the fabulous fortune one is to receive by investing therein, yet the fully-paid shares are being offered at half their original cost, viz., at 50 c. each.
>
> The person who tried to induce me to take up a block of 100—the smallest number he is allowed to offer—states that they are readily disposable in America at par, but when asked why they were offered here at 50 per cent. less, replied, that his principals did not want the Americans to get hold of the shares at any price!
>
> What say you to this?

A COMPANY INNOVATION.

At a recent meeting of shareholders considerable surprise and interest were aroused by the appearance at the directors' table of a young lady, busily occupied with a mass of papers and books in front of her. But the mystery was soon solved, when the Chairman rose and said: "I will now call upon the secretary, Miss X., to read the notice convening the meeting." Luckily, in this case, the Board were able to recommend the payment of a substantial dividend—but we commend the idea to the directors of less successful enterprises. With a pretty woman in command, much financial misfortune might be overlooked.

NILE VALLEY GOLD MINING COMPANY.

Dealings in Nile Valley shares, which are taking place at 4s. for the £1 share, recall the rapid advance of the old shares to over £7, when apparently extravagance on the surface was the main point, as £150,000 has been spent there, and the mine is only 420 ft. deep, which certainly looks as if sufficient attention had not been paid to development work. Now a further £20,000 has been subscribed, and as the mine is fully equipped with battery and plant capable of hauling, sinking, and pumping to the depth of over 1,000 ft., the whole of this money can be devoted to development, and it is hoped that the work will disclose similar rich patches to that block of 500 tons which produced £44,000, especially as rich stringers have been encountered on the way down to the 420 ft. level. There is a large quantity of ore ready for blocking out, but development work is to be the first care of the management. Considering the millions the ancients took from the Egyptian mines, and the fact that about £150,000 has already been produced from the Valley, there is no reason why a large quantity of gold should not be produced by this company.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

"John Bull" Conversion.—No enquiries respecting the forthcoming "John Bull" Company can be answered pending the issue of the prospectus, a copy of which will be published, in due course, in our journal. We have already intimated that our own readers and the newspaper trade will receive priority of treatment on the allotment of shares.

British and Foreign Securities.—A. G. D. (Clapham).—We gather that you obtained your scrip in the end.

Wesleyan and General Assurance Company.—J. A. B. (Smethwick).—There is no good reason against your doing so.

List of Investments.—San Pietro (Brighton).—We will give you the list you want in our next issue.

The Imperial Food Supplies, Limited.—T. F. M. (Clapham).—We fear that, under the conditions named, you can do nothing but acquiesce.

Register of Shareholders.—T. H. W. (London)—You are entitled to see the register upon the payment of 1s.

Two Shares.—J. R. (Kensington).—The first are very speculative. The second represent a sound business.

Carreras Tobacco.—E. G. W. (Guildford).—(1) We agree, but we cannot give the explanation. (2) Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you name. H. J. T. (Blackpool).—Throw all such circulars into the fire.

Shares of Company.—W. G. (Erdington).—It would be more prudent to invest in shares of some well-established company. These can be got to give you 5 or 6 per cent. with sound security.

Tracy, Miller and Company.—J. W. (Worthing).—We have your letter, and will see what can be done in the matter.

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 867 Westminster, 7765 Gerrard. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork," London.—Adv't.

ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. G. P. (Ipswich).—There is no reason why you should not represent the company if you can come to terms with it. It transacts life and industrial business and also fire and burglary insurance, a department for these descriptions having been opened in November, 1907. In the life department the premium rates are considerably below the average. The net new sums insured in 1907 amounted to £361,333.

NATIONAL MOTOR MAIL COACH COMPANY.—T. McN. (Farnham).—Yes, it is pretty safe to say that the company is "broke up" if it is in the hands of a liquidator.

PURCHASE OF MINING SHARES.—DOUBTFUL (Catford).—We do not recommend it.

RIO DEL ORO EXPLORATION COMPANY.—A. W. (Wood Lane).—We should say, nothing.

BRITISH LIFE OFFICE.—G. W. (Feltham).—Your failure to continue the payment of your monthly subscriptions leaves you at the mercy of the company. We cannot agree that their refusal to reduce the policy, or refund any portion of the £35 you have paid, is robbery. They insist upon your carrying out your contract, as they have a right to do.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—74362 (Manchester).—We note you have taken an agency, and hope you will do well with it. We think you were wise not to embark on litigation.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—POLICY (Lee).—(1) We should surrender policy for cash. (2) Bass and Co.'s Mortgage Debentures, Calico Printers' Debentures, D. H. Evans and Co.'s Cumulative Preference, Imperial Tobacco Cumulative Preference, Maple and Co.'s Cumulative Preference would give you over 4 per cent., and would be easy to realise.

H. BROOKES AND COMPANY.—J. H. C. (Stoke Newington).—We note your unfavourable opinion of this firm and its misleading advertisements.

MAZAWATTEE TEA COMPANY.—R. B. (Dudley).—We believe the present board are doing their best to restore the fortunes of the company, but it is an uphill job. (2) Yes, the Rock Insurance Company is a very sound company, and you need have no fear that it will not meet its obligations when your twenty years' policy matures. Those who told you the contrary were either very ignorant or malignant.

THE TICEHURST AND DISTRICT WATER AND GAS COMPANY.—ALLEN (Wimbledon).—We cannot recommend you to do so.

INVESTMENT OF £3,000.—J. F. W. (Gray's Inn Road).—Your mother could get at least 4 per cent. with security for all practical purposes as good as that of the bank which now holds the £3,000 on her behalf.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—T. H. F. (Coventry).—Have nothing to do with the man you name. He is a rogue.

ALBION ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. E. A. (Birmingham).—We are unable to recommend it.

DOLCOATH SHARES.—B. G. B. (East Dulwich).—(1) We think these shares a fair speculative purchase. (2) We do not recommend brokers.

ORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—ORTON (London).—(1) We have never heard of the company. (2) We do not understand why a transfer form should be sent you with the certificate. From whom did you get the shares?

NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL AND PROVIDENT BANK.—M. L. (Upper Edmonton).—You should abandon all hope—it is strange you did not do so long ago—"of obtaining £60 which in 1865 was standing to" your "mother's account" with this concern.

GAS, WATER AND GENERAL INVESTMENT COMPANY.—E. S. (Southampton).—Very little, we think.

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—C. McN. (Dublin).—You are *entitled* to nothing, seeing that you did not keep up your payments, but if you will send us the correspondence we will consider it, and let you know whether the trust may reasonably be asked to allow you something as a matter of grace.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—L. W.—Let us see the prospectus of 1886 upon which you rely. AGENT (Blackpool).—We do not think Judge Parry's remarks about another company need trouble you. We know of no sufficient reason why you should not be an agent of the Provident Association of London.

UNITED PROVIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. B. (Motherwell).—We think you may do so safely. The enactment to which you refer has been in force for many years.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—ENQUIRER (Ramsgate).—On the whole, we should keep up the payments. C. A. G. (Sparkhill).—It is respectably managed, but is somewhat short of capital.

HOW TO ABOLISH RENT.—J. B. (East Ham).—The house purchase scheme to which you direct our attention is that of the Britannic Assurance Co., Ltd., formerly known as the British Premiums and General Assurance Co., Ltd., which was established in 1866 with an authorised capital of £100,000, of which £35,000 is subscribed. This company transacts both ordinary and industrial life business. It does a very large industrial business. The total premiums amounted last year to no less than £883,513. The total assets at the end of the year were £2,077,340.

LAW GUARANTEE TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—H. J. C. (Brighton).—(1) The debentures ought to be quite safe. (2) Nothing to their credit.

SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE BUILDING SOCIETY.—G. C. C. (Finsbury Park).—We do not think you have any remedy. The society does not give an absolute undertaking to advance the money, but only promises to do so if its surveyor's report is favourable, which apparently, in your case, it was not.

RED LION MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. P. (ex Stroud Green).—We are obliged to you for the particulars you send us as to the position of this company, but the matters dealt with are so small that they would hardly interest our readers.

NEW DEUCE PORTLAND COMPANY, LIMITED.—G. W. (Knaresborough).—You had better write off that 10s.

PREMIUM BOND AND INVESTMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED.—BOND (Harlesden).—We have no information. Do any of our readers know anything about this concern?

TWO COMPANIES.—J. E. V. (Putney).—We should not recommend investment in either. H. W. (Birmingham).—Have nothing to do with either.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—C. W. (Plymouth).—What interest do you want?

MEASURES BROS.—FIDLER (Salisbury).—We are afraid not.

ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED.—F. V. (Walthamstow).—(1) We think them a safe purchase. (2) We should be inclined to sell the other shares, and take the profit, investing the proceeds in the ordinary shares of some other industrial concern.

CYCLE SHARES.—D. E. T. (Deri).—As a speculative purchase, yes.

CURRIE, MILLS AND COMPANY.—F. W. S. (Rochdale).—We know nothing good about them. Let us see the correspondence.

SALE OF STOCK.—X. L. (Dorking).—It could be done through any broker.

WYMAN AND SONS, LIMITED.—H. G. W. (Seacombe).—We have no reason to think otherwise.

BANTJE'S CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES.—JESON (Ilkestone).—(1) The head office of the company is at Johannesburg, the London office at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C. Some £270,000 has been spent on the mine. Of that amount £210,000 was derived from premiums on shares issued. Nothing has been done in development work since the war beyond keeping the buildings and machinery in good order. (2) The shares are share warrants to bearer.

ARGYLL MOTORS.—BLADE (Sheffield).—(1) We think it very doubtful. (2) We should hold the shares you have, but do not like to advise you to increase your holding.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.—T. H. S. (Birmingham).—We do not see our way to advise you to join the reconstruction.

A CHEAP KAFFIR SHARE.

On August 29th last, in our advertisement in this paper, we recommended a purchase of

KLERKSDORP PROPRIETARY

Then quoted **3/-** for the **£1** fully-paid share.

The price is now **5/-**.

We do not know of a more promising low-priced share in the whole of the Kaffir market.

The Klerksdorp Proprietary Company, we are informed, has at the present time £60,000 in cash and, among other things, a very large holding in Main Reef West shares, which have recently greatly appreciated in value, and are likely to appreciate still further.

The property owned by the Company in the Klerksdorp district is of vast area, and, with the increasing enterprise in South African Mining, there is every prospect of the Company being able to dispose of a considerable portion of their property on most favourable terms. We fully expect to see

A CONSIDERABLE RISE

in the shares of

KLERKSDORP PROPRIETARY,

and shall not be surprised to see them at **par**—that is,

20/-

by the end of the current year.

We are prepared to buy these shares for clients on the instalment plan.

Further particulars can be obtained on application to—

LONDON & PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE,
LIMITED,
Share Dealers and General Bankers,
40-42, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

Telegrams and Cables: "Forthcoming, London."
Telephones: 4710, 4711, 4712, Wall.

BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY.—F. D.—The facts are as you state them, but it was not to be expected that the official you name would admit them.

LLOYD AND SON, LIMITED.—E. S. A. (Brecon).—We do not recommend solicitors.

SOUND BUILDING SOCIETY.—S. F. (Muswell Hill).—The Perpetual, of New Bridge Street, is among the best.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—S. C. G. (Westcliffe-on-Sea).—We should prefer another selection to that which you name.

THE ALLIANCE ECONOMIC INVESTMENT COMPANY.—B. C. D. (Brighton).—We have no information on the point, but no doubt the secretary would acquaint you with the position if you communicate with him.

NORTH WALES IRON AND MANGANESE COMPANY.—J. O. R. (Birkdale).—The position of the company seems desperate. Let us see your pamphlet.

WEST OF LONDON PERMANENT MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—T. H. C.—We know nothing against them.

NITRATE SHARES.—SPERO (Lewisham).—(1) It would be a very speculative purchase. (2) We should be disposed to hold the hotel shares for the present.

WORKMEN'S AND GENERAL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT CORPORATION.—J. M. (Wolverhampton).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do so.

LAW AND INTEGRITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. J. (Haverford West).—No.

SUNDRY SHARES.—A. B. (Farnham).—We cannot advise the purchase of any one of them.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—POLO (London).—Yes.

WARING AND GILLOW.—L. W. O. (West Kensington).—We should be content with your present holding.—E. C. (Oxon.).—The directors doubtless have a big task on hand, and the only thing to do is to await the report and accounts.

PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—CYMRO (Menai Bridge).—We have no information.

EASTWOOD AND COMPANY.—A. D. (Huntley).—We think Messrs. Michael Abrahams, Sons and Co. were right in the advice they gave you as to the probability of the Gaming Act being pleaded, and that the plea would be successful.

UNION PACIFIC COMMON.—MARINER (Shoreham).—We should hold for the present, and the same with United States Steel Preference.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—SCEPTER (London).—You can do nothing at the moment. The affairs of the bank are in the hands of a liquidator.

PURCHASE OF MINING SHARES.—H. B. (Devonport).—We cannot assist you to speculate in these shares.

LOAN WITH INTEREST.—R. B. C. (London).—We are obliged to you for your letter reminding us that there is a fund available for City men in the second or third year of business (exclusive of ale or beer selling) for advancing amounts from £100 to £300 at 2 per cent., on unquestionable personal security.

LONDON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND NORTH HANTS DAIRY COMPANY.—LITTLEJOHN.—We have no information respecting this company.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—PERPLEXED (Meerut).—We cannot recommend either of these institutions. As to where you should deposit, it all depends on the interest that will satisfy you. Let us know your minimum, and we shall be able to answer your question. A. F. (St. James's Square).—You had much better keep your money where it is. If the interest is small, the capital is secure. HAMISH (Whitley Bay).—We cannot recommend the concern you name for the purchase you mention.

PERPETUAL BUILDING SOCIETY.—JOHN BULL No. 2 (Southampton).—(1) It is one of the best of the building societies. (2) Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you name. (3) We cannot advise you to deposit monies as suggested.

RAILWAY DEBENTURES.—F. C. W. S. (Liscard).—It is looking rather too far ahead to discuss the terms upon which the State would deal with debenture holders in the event of its taking over the railways of the United Kingdom.

VAAL RIVER GOLD FIELDS.—Referring to our reply to "Corinthic (East Ham)," a correspondent writes us as follows: "These shares are regularly quoted in the 'Mining World,' and are now 9d.—1s. 3d., at which price they have been for some little time." We cannot recommend the purchase.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—C. G. P. (Jersey).—We are obliged to you for the circular from these people you send us, in which they promise "enormous profits" from Stock Exchange operations with money entrusted to them. It is a scandal that these rogues should be permitted to continue preying upon the public after our exposure of them in the High Court of Justice. J. P.—If you are a reader of JOHN BULL, we should have thought you knew by this time our very unfavourable opinion of these people, who are, in fact, rogues.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S. R. W. (Nuneaton).—We know nothing against them. YARRA (Knowles).—Better have nothing to do with them. W. L. (Clydebank).—We have never heard anything to the prejudice of the third on your list. W. P.—Not much. D. H. P. (Plaistow).—You will be very foolish to send your £10 to the people you name, or any others for that matter, for the purpose of Stock Exchange gambling. C. W. M. (Shrewsbury).—The statement to which you refer is correct enough so far as it goes, but have nothing to do with the man whose circular you send us. FRANCO (Smethwick).—Have nothing to do with them. V. P. S. (Brighton).—(1) Have nothing to do with the people whose "Guide" you send us. (2) The firm you name are among the most trustworthy. (3) We know of no bank that would give you the interest on deposit you name. (4) You are pretty safe in accepting "Truth's" estimate as correct. R. C. P. (Kingston-on-Thames).—Have nothing to do with either of them. J. A. F. (Glasgow).—(1) The people you name are much on a par. (2) We do not advise purchase of the bonds in question because we think you can get a much better return from English companies.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—J. W. M. (Wakefield).—The "obvious objection to 30-year bonds" is that nobody can say whether their holders will be able to carry out for so long a period the engagements they enter into. The objection might, of course, be made to bonds of shorter length, but one has to take some risks in this world, and, whereas 30 years may be disproportionate, a shorter period may be prudently accepted. C. S. H. D. (Nottingham).—We have your observations on this association, but we do not discover in them any objection to the association that has not been taken many times before by critics who are content to join institutions and undertake obligations without preliminary inquiry. J. W. B. (Acocks Green).—The only guarantee a policyholder has that his policy is sharing in the drawings is the good faith of the association, of which we have no reason to doubt.

FARROW'S BANK.—R. F. D. (Nottingham).—We think you may safely do so. J. C. C. (Thornton Heath).—Yes, we think so.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—C. J. C. (Derby).—We never recommend deposits where the interest paid is so high. A. B. (London).—See previous answer.

SALE OF BONDS.—WILLIE (Cardiff).—Have nothing to do with the people who want you to sell them the bond. E. B. (Twickenham).—You will find the list of drawings in the "Bondholders' Register." B. H. B. (Bath).—See previous answer.

PREMIUM BONDS.—M. P. (South Kensington).—If you hold the certificates, the fact that the International Securities Corporation is in liquidation will not affect you.

STATUS OF BANK.—R. S. W. (East Dulwich).—Its history is a brief one and its management somewhat adventurous, but we have no reason to doubt its solvency.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

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[JOHN BULL Coupon.] .....

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Catch 'Em Alive O!

After the Rat—the Fly! Sir James Crichton-Browne's society that has been urging war upon rats as a sanitary precaution, is now suggesting that we exert ourselves to exterminate the poor little household fly. Up to the present we have regarded the small buzzing beastie as a bit of a nuisance, but scarcely as a national peril. That only shows our ignorance. Just think. The doctor above named and his friends have agreed that as many as 100,000 bacilli sometimes squeeze up tight and pack themselves upon an individual fly's legs. If that be truth and not slander, the killing of a fly may save a whole town from an epidemic of disease, for what could not 100,000 bacilli effect if they got tired of their cramped quarters and resolved to spread themselves abroad? Even a fly's own lawyer would have to admit that it is a rather dirty little beast, and that it has no discrimination or consideration for the more refined feelings of humans. It will come direct from the most horrible garbage, and settle upon what we ourselves are consuming. One wouldn't grudge a poor little fly his scrap of dinner, if he wouldn't come with his nasty feet and wings and run about over what he isn't going to eat. No, he is a presuming encroacher, and when Dr. Crichton-Browne says "kill him," I'm afraid the majority of mankind must echo, "Hear, hear."

That serious complaints can be conveyed by flies is seen very plainly in the East. From an excess of maternal devotion the poor Egyptian mothers make no effort to drive away the numerous flies that settle upon the eyelids of their babies. They firmly believe that if a child is too pretty and pleasant to behold, someone will cast an envious, "evil eye" in its direction. The repulsive mass of flies settled upon the poor Arab babies' faces may protect them from such supernatural perils, but many and many an one goes through life stone blind from disease conveyed to the eye in childhood by these flies. Of course, even in England, it is difficult to keep quit of their attentions. It is said that flies will not pass through an open window across which a piece of gauze is fixed, even if the meshes be an inch square. Certain smells, too, offend their delicate nostrils. For instance, they shrink from the delicious odour of mignonette, or that of bruised walnut leaves. But their very pertinacity makes them troublesome—they will return fearlessly again and again to the attack. Homer describes one of his mighty heroes—I think it is Achilles himself—as being "like unto a fly in his courage and determination" upon the battlefield; and, after all, this is a laudable quality.

New Ideas for Waist-belts.

A sash of one description or another is quite a characteristic feature of Directoire gowns, yet even this accessory to the costume may be either thoroughly up-to-date, or lagging a little behind the fashion. The very latest thing in sashes is described as the "Napoleonic," and is modelled on the style in which the military sashes were worn by the generals of the great French Emperor. It encircles the waist, crosses at the back, and the ends are then loosely knotted in front or at the side, considerably below the waist-line. The hanging ends are often finished by fringe, and the sash itself is usually black satin, whatever the colour or material of the gown with which it is worn.

Some of the prettiest of belts can be made at home. Flowers cut out of soft leather and fixed on to velvet are novel, and look very "exclusive" and expensive. Lilies, daisies, poppies, or cornflowers are suitable blossoms. The leather should be of the colour of the flower chosen, and after they have been artistically placed and tacked upon a band of velvet of harmonising tint, a saddler will complete the job by stitching round their edges for a small sum. The grey or white cord used for whips may be made into most original belts by people who learnt the art of plaiting in their kindergarten days. Such girdles are, of course, particularly stalwart and inflexible. A good many of the newest designs in shop-bought belts are being made with elastic inserted at the sides or back. This helps the band to fit trimly around the waist, and also increases the comfort of the wearer, as, of course, the elastic yields to every movement of the figure. Some very elegant models consist of either coarse or fragile lace placed over satin, while one, designed for winter wear, had three narrow bands of fur running along a band of ruby satin, the buckle in front being formed of a couple of beasties' heads.

LADIES AND BILLIARDS.

Billiards is becoming more and more a fashionable accomplishment for ladies. The graceful attitudes characteristic of the game appeal to them (as well as to their male friends), and with their delicate touch it is not surprising that many play well. The game provides healthy exercise, moreover, and is conducive to the cheerfulness of a "good time" generally.

No more accommodation is needed than an ordinary dining-table for the miniature billiards now so popular, and the game is just as exacting as match play. Prices range almost absurdly low, but particulars of prices and style can be had on application to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Willow Brook Billiard Works, Accrington.—[ADVT.]

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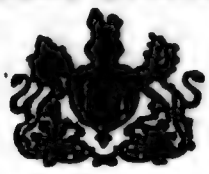

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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

An Astounding Proposition.

It is really quite time that some steps were taken to put an end to the jurisdiction of local justices and the substitution of a Stipendiary in populous places, for hardly a day passes without some scandal of the system occurring. A week ago the justices at Highgate, which is practically part of London, though just outside its limits, had before them a charge brought by one Robert Inigo Tasker, of Church End, Finchley, against a small boy who was a scholar at Christ's College, Finchley, of "stealing a quantity of apples, value 1s., from an orchard." All that was proved was that the boy had taken two unripe apples from a tree growing on a piece of vacant land which had a board up, "This eligible freehold building site to be sold or let." The land was overgrown with thistles, and there were a few fruit trees on it. Both parties were legally represented, and for the defence it was urged that the land was not an "orchard." The justices held that it was, and fined the boy 5s. In giving their decision the Chairman, Sir Francis Cory-Wright, said that they would have taken no notice of the matter, and would not have fined the boy "had it not been for the fact that the case was defended." This is an astounding proposition, for it means that if you are wrongly charged and defend yourself against a solicitor who is employed against you, you will be convicted by this Bench of luminaries, but if you admit what is not true you will be let off. Sir Francis Cory-Wright and his fellow justices might with advantage be replaced by a Stipendiary.

The Biter Bit.

But the downright folly of the decision of these justices did not end here, for by their decision that a piece of vacant land was an "orchard" they gave the solicitor who appeared for the boy his chance, and he very cleverly took advantage of it. When the prosecutor, Robert Inigo Tasker, was in the box he was cross-examined somewhat severely, and had to admit that he had never paid any rates on this "orchard" though he had been regularly taking all the fruit from it. If two apples were worth a shilling then these crops were of value, and the owner, Tasker, had been escaping the payment of rates on it for several years. This is a matter that the overseers and the district council must look into, and if they do not promptly serve the owner with some rate demands they will neglect a great chance. It is not often that a person who poses as a pious prosecutor and insists on bringing people into Court for trivial offences gets the tables turned on him in this way, for the amount which this man ought to be made to pay as arrears to the ratepayers must total up to several pounds. He seems to be a "Tasker" in every sense of the word, for we gather from what took place in Court that he went to the boy's headmaster at the College and demanded that he should be publicly flogged, and when the headmaster told him he took no cognisance of his boys' actions out of school hours and declined to be public executioner, Tasker went to the Court, where the representatives of law and order decided that his bit of land was an orchard and made matters still worse for him.

SOME LEGAL QUERIES.

The New Companies Act.—"How It's Done" (St. George's Road).—You can obtain a copy of the Act and any other Act of Parliament from Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Fetter Lane, E.C., at the cost of a few pence.

Apportionment of Property.—E. M. (Walton).—The property is divided between the living brother and sister and the nephews of the deceased child or children, so that the nephews take the share that would have gone to their deceased parent had he been alive. Thus the property is divisible amongst the brothers and sisters of the deceased whether alive or dead, and, if dead, their children stand in their place.

Liability for Rates.—Rates (Barnet).—As you were not the actual occupier and as your name was not on the rate book the rates cannot be recovered from you. They can only distrain on goods belonging to the person whose name is on the rate book as the occupier

Read what "JOHN BULL" says about "SAVROLA."

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IF IT'S IN "JOHN BULL" IT IS SO.

"SAVROLA" By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

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The Mercantile Bank of London, established sixteen years ago, has introduced these cheques in a particularly attractive form, inasmuch as they can be made out for any amount from 6d. upwards, and are of equal convenience to a Postal Order

The Prospectus just issued by this Bank is worth attention and study, dealing as it does very fully and minutely with the increased benefits and advantages that can now be secured by Country customers with London Banks. The question of Current Accounts for small Traders is dealt with, also the vexed point of interests on deposits. The issue of Guaranteed Bankers' Cheques is fully discussed and explained, and a chapter devoted to Banking Profits and the Public is well worth the careful perusal of those who have banking accounts or contemplate opening a banking account in London.

A copy of this Prospectus will be forwarded post free on mentioning John Bull to THE SECRETARY,

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Ensure £10 at Death.

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2.—Is your earning power insured?
3.—Accident and sickness visit us when we are least prepared for it.
4.—You will do your duty by your family, to yourself, and know you are not getting behind if you assure.
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THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

SUFFERING AND SLAUGHTER IN THE CABBAGE PATCH.

The consciousness of vegetables and plants is not a new theory by any means; but it has been reserved for Dr. Francis Darwin, the son of the gifted explorer, who discovered that your remotest ancestor was not Adam, but was closely related to the mendacious monkey, to start it afresh. "Science, gentlemen," he told the British Association at Dublin recently, "may yet discover that the cutting of a cabbage or the pulling of a bean causes something of the pain of a rough and ready surgical operation." But if a cabbage, like a p'liceman, has its feelings, this is surely a mild way of putting it. To go into a garden, stick a knife into a living cabbage which has grown up innocent of wrong, and sever it limb from limb, is not on the theory a surgical operation at all, but cold, callous, brutal murder.

Everyone who has a garden will have noticed that many flowering and foliage plants are sensitive to light. They open by day and seem to go to sleep at night; or sleep by day and open at night. There is the beautiful nicotine plant, for instance. In the day it is but a poor, bedraggled-looking thing; flaccid and apparently withered; in the evening its petals shine like white wax. There are other flowering plants which draw into their cup-like recesses every crawling or flying insect which ventures near them, smothers or poisons them, and eats them up. But in the one case it as little follows that the plant can feel as, in the other, that it can think. Both probably perform merely automatic acts, and feeling and thought are as far removed from them as from a lump of coal throwing up flame in the firegrate, or a rasher of bacon spurting on a grid. Science has discovered a great many wonderful things, and has had to revise not a few of them; but if it is really in the way of proving that sticking a pin into a live cabbage has a similar effect on the cabbage as sticking a pin into a live man, I feel poignant sorrow for the cabbage. The consciousness of pain is one of the least desirable faculties with which any living thing can be endowed. Providence never made a more serious mistake than that of making man sensitive to pain.

Regarding nature as we find it, "red in tooth and claw," a horrible welter of blood, and an orgy of cruelty everywhere, as the prime condition of survival, it would be rash and foolish indeed to refuse credence to the possibility of conscious pain among the cabbages while they are being subjected to wholesale decapitation. It is possible—I am not saying it is probable, mind—that if our ears were sufficiently sensitive, we should hear rising from the fields of slaughter groans and cries which would spoil our appetite for cabbage during the rest of our lives. For all I know to the contrary the fond mother-cabbage may cry to the man with the knife to have mercy on her only child as he slashes right and left in the rows, only to see the darling of her heart cut down before her eyes, and to feel the knife hacking through her own throat as she wails in her woe. It may be doubted whether any living creature, however microscopic, is insensitive to pain; and that vegetable and plant life alone should be without a consciousness possessed by all else in nature which lives, and grows, and reproduces its species, and dies, is a proposition in natural science which may well need as conclusive evidence to establish as that which Dr. Darwin comprehensively illustrates by the cabbage and the bean.

But if a cabbage feels decapitation as "a rough and ready surgical operation" without anæsthetics, what of the rose cut from its stem, the daisy uprooted from the grass, the dahlia slowly eaten alive by the earwig and the slug? The mourning wreath placed by tender hands on the graves of the dead reeks of massacre, and every flower in a bridal bouquet appears there as a slaughtered innocent if this theory of the pain-consciousness of plants be a fact of nature. After all, however, it remains but a theory, and one, moreover, which has not hitherto received much support from men engaged in the problems of natural science as a whole. And you and I have been killing, and lived by killing, so long that even if the theory were established as a solid fact of science we should probably not turn a hair. When civilisation has got to the point of boiling black lobsters till they are red and dead, and cutting oysters from their shells and eating them alive, it seems improbable that it will stick at the decapitation of a cabbage, the pulling of a bean, or the plucking or a rose. Without sorrow and without remorse it cuts the throat of a lamb, and eats it with mint sauce. It poleaxes a bullock, stirs up its brains with a stick, and voraciously sits down to enjoy it for dinner. None of us would eat a three-ha'penny cabbage the less for knowing that it had been palsied with horror ere it died of agony.

The glaring truth is that if you would eat you must kill. In the course of the evolution of species it has happened that man has become about the only animal which matters in the struggle for existence, and whatever other thing with legs, or wings or fins, or leaves, or fruit suffers, it must die that he may live. That is the first law and gospel of his existence, and it will probably remain the law and the gospel until the world spinning for ever "down the ringing groves of change," hurls him into the abyss of extinction.

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Mind-Wandering, Brain-Wear, Failure at Exams., Business Losses, may be avoided by giving the small amount of time necessary to the acquisition of a perfectly-trained memory. Thousands of successful men, women, and students owe their success to their memory, and they owe their memory to

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SECRETARY, 84, PICCADILLY.

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—
That Beerbohm Tree is a perfect devil.
That the command to appear before the King gave Lauder quite a turn.
That the Photographic Salon is only a "negative" success.
That the *Express* can't make the most of hop-(im)portunity.
That British trade is going up—the spout.
That the Glasgow unemployed find plenty of work—for the police.
That he is called Abdul Azwas now.
That the "White City" has been the "Wet City" lately.
That "We've got a long way to go" is now the Socialist anthem.
That John D. Rockfeller's autobiography is written in whitewash.

The rumour that Snow Hill will in future be know as Mount Fujiyama is untrue.

The inhabitants of Mile End (Old Town) have been canvassed and a large majority have expressed themselves in favour of re-naming the Borough, Utopia (New Town).

Owing to the increase of population and rateable value, it is felt by a large number of the principal residents in Hammersmith, that a change of name is necessary. "Paupers' Paradise" has been suggested and has received influential support.

For some time past, dwellers in Wood Lane have referred to that thoroughfare as the Rue de la Paix, and the formal adoption of that title is only a matter of time.

If your suit does not succeed, lie, lie again.

The policy the burglar believes in is that of the Open Door.

The officials at Charing Cross had no time to lay a crimson carpet when King Alfonso left. We regret this abandonment of the All Red Route.

"A fetching hat carries a woman a long way," says *Madame*. No doubt, to buy it.

The Colchester oysters have been suffering from a decreased birth-rate, and are quite down in the mouth.

Scaffold poles round a new house at Hadleigh have taken root and are in leaf. Evidently the builder has a time job.

"Love is like olives," says Violet Hunt. No wonder it results in olive branches!

Four hundred pianos have been destroyed in a fire. They were well played upon first.

A Garden of Eden dance is the latest. Serpentine, we presume?

"You may get soup from a sausage-skewer," says Maud Arnold. Very skewerious.

To Inquirer: Yes, we think the trunk of an elephant might be described as "Luggage in advance."

The author of "She" writes to the *Times* about the plague of sparrows. Are they making him Haggard?

A Bray solicitor has cut his wife off with a shilling unless she goes into a convent. He might as well have left her.

A recent book is called "The Burden." Heavy reading.

"Misfortune opens eyes that were never open before," says Maeterlinck. Certainly some misfortunes are eye-openers.

A divorced couple represent better-halves who are better halved.

"I failed to succeed," murmured the fraudulent bankrupt complacently.

It is stated that the motor-car accident to Mr. Hall Caine has shattered his nerve. What an accident it must have been!

The Rev. C. G. Gull declares that no one who has reached middle age can be wholly bad. He's a good liver, anyway.

Sir Hiram Maxim has written a book on flying machines. Maxims from such a big gun should have a good sail.

"Dull people are like inferior stones," says a writer. They don't shine.

What we are Coming to:—
Nouveau Siecle Theatre of Varieties.—Programme of forthcoming colossal star repertoire!—Realistic representation of the flood! Twenty thousand tons of real water (by arrangement with the M.W.B.) will descend upon the stage nightly at 9.15 from a terrifying height! Mothers faint! Children shriek! You cannot afford to miss it! Unsolicited testimonial: "It beats anything I ever saw."—Noah.

Exclusive engagement at an enormous expense of Ponsonby Majoribanks Sikes, the hero of the sensational Old Bailey drama—Rex v. Sikes. This gifted artist will positively appear in a real dock and will recite a poem entitled "I Belong to the No-Black-Cap-Brigade," after which he will shake hands with occupants of the stalls! Signed photograph on sale at the Box Office.

Miss Maudlin, having completed her series of visits at Downing Street, will appear in a fresh string of beads and an entirely new dance!

Thrilling performances by Sid Swank, the legless wonder, who will dive from the roof on to a wet piece of blotting paper? Refined! Elevating!! Amusing!!!

Electricity—the Road to Health

Such is the Title to a Book Just Published.

This interesting book, which is sent free to anyone asking for it, points out the road to happiness—health. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of things the true lover of health likes to read. It will give them courage and enlighten them as to the cause and cure of their troubles. It will point out the pitfalls and guide them safely to a future of strength and vitality. It is nicely illustrated. It tells how other people have suffered and how they have cured themselves. It gives the opinions of many noted physicians, and tells of their work. It is free in a plain sealed envelope to all who are interested in a true health-giver.

This interesting book deals with the relation of health to happiness. It tells how Nervousness, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, etc., can be cured. It explains successful results in Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache. The opinions of well-known medical men are given regarding Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa and Dysentery. Such complaints as Asthma, Cramps, Chilblain, Headache are intelligently dealt with.

The work is not only the most interesting, but the most valuable from a health point of view that has ever been published. It describes the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery, a scientific appliance that has done more for weak and ailing people than any remedy known. It is a "last resort" treatment in the most obstinate cases. The peculiar construction of the battery, which enables it to generate a strong and continuous current with no charging whatever, makes it a most convenient and pleasant treatment. The "Ajax" Battery secured the Diploma for Grand Prix with Gold Medal from the Medical Section of the International Exhibition. It is also supported by the *Science Siftings'* Certificate of Merit, and has secured many favourable Press endorsements. A postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book at once. All advice is free, and a free test is given to all who call.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OUR CHRISTMAS BOX SCHEME.—We hope, by the end of the present month, to be in a position to announce the names of the Prize Committee, who will apportion the Presents amongst our readers. Meantime, coupons are already rolling in. Let 'em all come! See announcement on page 289.

E. B. (Wandsworth).—Our Editor never took out a *license* as a Lawyer—that is to say, he was never either admitted a solicitor, or called to the Bar.

W. J. B. (Streatham).—We are almost persuaded. But it *would* be better to prevent suffering—wouldn't it?

J. K. (East Greenwich), W. C. C. (Claygate), H. K. (Clapham Junction), J. S. (Sutton), T. S. (Old Kent Road), G. F. M. (London, W.C.), A. C. (Brighton), H. D. (Essingwold), "HERMIT" (Camberwell), W. H. (Worthing) J. B. (Forest Hill), A. S. (Battersea Park Road), "RUTLAND" (Brixton Hill), A. R. (Kensal Rise), R. M. (Tooting), W. A. B. (Stoke Newington), J. Le M. (Poplar), R. A. (South Lambeth Road), C. P. (Dorking), W. H. (Wimbledon), J. R., F. M. (Bromsgrove), A. S. (Battersea Park Road), H. D. C. (Ealing), and many others.—Thanks for cuttings containing puffs and advertisements of the "wrong-uns," Arnold and Butler. We are hot on the trail.

C. E. (Dublin).—We advise you to communicate with the London Chamber of Commerce, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, E.C.

J. C. R. (Plymouth).—Many thanks for paper. As you will see, we are referring to the matter.

R. H. J. (Birmingham) tells us of another case of men going on the "bust" and escaping scathing reflection. It's a wonderful world.

THE REV. J. [illegible], of Wokingham, thinks our hysterics over the case of the old man who was turned out of Lucas Hospital very foolish. If we only knew as much about the actual facts as he does, we should know that all was for the best. Well, the old man is dead now—so it doesn't matter.

W. F. S. (Hampstead) says our recent story, "Love's Sacrifice," gave him the horrors. So it did us—but our storyman thought it first-rate.

E. B. Q. (Bridgwater).—Accidents will occur even in the best-regulated offices.

W. M. (Liverpool) sends us two paragraphs with conflicting stories about the death of some cattle. But mere mistakes are not eligible for biscuits.

A. S. (Worcester).—Why did you forget the second s?

J. H. K. (Cardiff).—It was a funny coincidence that a mother and son should be called Mark and James.

L. M. (Montreal).—It was certainly very clever of a ship to travel some 3,000 miles two days before she started, even allowing for the difference of time.

R. W. (Hampton Wick).—The Bulls' Eyes are intended to be funny. The rest of the paper is serious.

J. D. (Fig Tree Court).—If soldiers are afraid of dust during manœuvres, how will they contrive to face powder? Cheer up and breathe again.

G. N. (Portland Place).—According to the British Association, the animal and vegetable kingdoms are getting a bit mixed, but that is no reason why we should eat mixed biscuits.

R. F. S. (St. Peters).—The Spanish Prisoner seems to be very much at large just now.

W. C. H. (Manchester).—Why do you object to people advertising for a vegetarian commercial traveller! We are afraid you must be virulently carnivorous.

R. B. (Whitley Bay).—What on earth do you mean?

H. T. C. H. (Margate).—Glad to hear from you. Your name recalls the old days in the Courts. A capital cutting.

J. P. (Lewisham).—Perhaps the kindest thing is to treat Colley as a hopeless lunatic.

N. G. A. (Blackfriars).—The Ecclesiastical Commissioners were established about seventy years ago for the management of the estates of the Church. Write to the Secretary, Millbank, Westminster, and perhaps he'll send you the particulars you want. If not, write us again.

THE REV. JOCELYN PERKINS, M.A. (note the M.A.!), sends us an appeal, with a stamped envelope for reply, for funds for the "New Westminster and Kootenay Missionary Association." We will keep the stamp and give a penny to some hungry beggar at home. "*New* Westminster"! What about *old* Westminster?

F. G. (Stamford Hill) wants us to give the Clergy a rest, but they are always cropping up.

W. R. (Mansfield).—If the facts are as stated we hope the petition on behalf of your boy will be successful. What is your local M.P. doing?

J. D. (Glasgow) would like a special tip from our Trainer every week, but will he subscribe towards insuring Batho's life?

W. R. (Pontypridd).—Your views are very sound. They agree with ours.

J. H. N. (Taplow) wants us to attack "Anagram" competitions as we did Limericks. They do not, however, in our view, come in the same category.

E. T. (London) complains of the award of Lipton's Limerick—but with us Limericks have long been anathema.

SYMPATHISER (Hammersmith).—We do not gather which particular Tube you refer to. Be explicit, and send your name and address.

C. F. (Wantage).—Thanks for marked newspaper. But the case is dirty and the parson was acquitted. That must settle it for us.

S. J. V. (West Ealing).—It is obvious Judge Bacon did not say, "I believe so little I am told in court that I cannot for man opinion." The *Evening News* simply turned his remark into hash.

BANDSMAN (Hornsey).—Seems a valid growl. Will consider it.

J. F. G. (Holloway).—We will certainly give our printer a biscuit for "fiend Roosevelt." But we hope it will not give him indigestion.

Q. F. (Chertsey).—It was certainly unkind of the *Daily Telegraph* to call Mr. Ritchie "invicta."

J. S. (Belfast).—We find it difficult to believe that Warner knew much about cricket scores "in his bib and bottle days." But then we mustn't be hard on *London Opinion*. By the way, "Bottle days" sounds libellous.

Hennessy please

"GET ON OR GET OUT"

is a phrase that has become familiar to thousands—most likely familiar to YOU—but as often happens, the very familiarity of the saying has robbed it of much of its tremendous meaning.

Do you fully realize that

YOU CANNOT STAND STILL

in your career, that if you don't "get on" you will have to "get out" and allow some more energetic man to take your place? Doubtless, you do realize this important fact, but are you able to "get on"?

Remember that the only man who "gets on" now-a-days, the only man the employer has any use for, is the trained man. How do you stand? Have you equipped yourself with the Technical Training that is essential if you desire increased pay and a better position? If not, this is where we can help you—We train men for their work and their work.

Our instruction has the one definite aim of enabling you to increase your income. We have been successful in training thousands in every walk of life, and we can do the same for you. If you are interested in our System of Technical Education, and have the ambition to better your position, we will send you the book shown below, or one on any subject we teach, *Entirely Free*, if you will cut out and post to us the coupon, or write stating the subject in which you are interested.

SECRETARY, I.C.S.

89 J.B., CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

And at MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, and GLASGOW.

I am interested in your system of Technical Training and desire to increase my earning power. Please send me, post paid, free of charge, the book covering the subject before which I have marked X on the coupon, and full information how I can succeed in same.

Electrical Engineering.	Mining Engineering.
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Residents of the following countries should address the respective I.C.S. branch CANADA—438, Temple Buildings, Toronto. INDIA—11, Harmam Street, Fort Bombay. SOUTH AFRICA—3, Mansion House Chambers, Adderly Street, Cape Town. NEW ZEALAND—62, Dixon Street, Wellington. AUSTRALIA—Temple Court, 144, King Street, Sydney. CHINA—Kaiser Buildings, Shanghai. MANILA—23, Escosia, Office, 4 P.O. Box 423, Manila P.I. HONOLULU—1078, Fort Street, Honolulu. PANAMA—Station A, Ancon, Panama. BERMUDA—c/o. Bank of Bermuda, Hamilton, Bermuda. PORTO RICO—Bank of Porto Rico, Building, 8, Tetuan Street, San Juan, Porto Rico. JAMAICA—32, Victoria Avenue, Kingston, Jamaica. MEXICO—Puente de San Francisco, 22, Dist, Mexico D. ARGENTINE REPUBLIC—Casilla Correo, No. 1631, Buenos Aires. ITALY—32, Corso Garibaldi, Palermo, Italy. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS—67, Syed Ali Road, Singapore.

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It is a pleasant and satisfactory way to buy Catesbys' Li-nola by post. Wherever you live—we can send this famous floor covering to you—carriage paid. We give you entire satisfaction because we have a special department to attend to your by-post order, and vast experience, together with an earnest aim to suit you, enables us to please country customers just as well and easily as town customers. Test us to-day.

Write for Free Patterns now. We sell on Easy Terms or allow 2s. in the £ discount for Cash. We pay carriage.

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Wolsey Underwear

All pure wool

Replaced free

If it shrinks

HEALTH AND VITALITY.

DR. MARTIN'S

Miracletts

Reg'd

A Guaranteed Cure for Summer Weakness.

Thousands of sufferers are sending for these wonderful little tablets, and being cured—thoroughly cured—of all kinds of Nervous, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Rheumatic Affections, Organic Weakness, &c. They are a quick, safe and certain remedy, a real elixir of life. In bottles, 1/-, 2/6, 4/6 and 11/-. Send P.O. direct to us to-day. We will return your money if not quite satisfied.—Dept. U.

DR. MARTIN'S MEDICINE CO.,

6, Panton Street, Haymarket, London, S.W.

A. B. (Bristol) wants to know whether we think the late Hugh Price Hughes and C. H. Spurgeon were in any way insane. Divil a bit of it!

H. E. H. F. (New Kent Road).—We note your view that the Warrington umpire in the cricket match, Wigan *v.* Warrington, "is no more fit to be umpire in a sporting game than a dead cat would be." He pulled up the stumps on the exact stroke of time when Wigan was within two of winning. What would Wigan have done in a similar case, we wonder?

J. T. (Lucas Hospital).—It is not uncommon for persons whom we put on their defence "to miss the chief point of our remarks." To be Irish, if they didn't miss it they would have nothing to hit.

J. C. (Grays).—The decision of the judge seems good law, but shocking ethics. We will deal with the ethics.

H. W. (London) wishes us to award a "biscuit" to Messrs. Spicer and Pond for commenting upon the fact that they have just given an annual Outing to the laundry girls in their employment. H. W. is evidently a sour shareholder, and he thinks the money spent on this Outing might be better employed in the payment of arrears of dividend. We are afraid, however, it would not go far.

"Vere. Sap." (Sheffield).—You are evidently unaware of the fact that, before becoming a Yeoman, Mr. Edmondson served twelve years as a Regular.

F. B. B. (126, Anerley Road, S.E.) is suffering from heart trouble, and the doctors give him little hope. He writes a good hand, and is anxious for a little home work. His references are good. Can any reader help him?

F. W. S. (Leeds).—We will have another hunt for the letter. There have been a lot of rats about the office lately.

W. P. R. (Aberdeen) takes exception to a recent statement in the *Schoolmistress* to the effect that there are thousands of educated married women occupying posts in our schools which single women ought to fill. She rightly opines that there cannot be thousands of men who would be "mean enough to allow their wives to do such things." We hope she is right.

A. J. C. (Southampton), who signs himself "ours sankeymoniously," also takes exception to our reference to the late minstrel. Has anyone yet seen the Will?

H. C. M. (Woolwich).—A Clapham reader says he can recommend Madame O'Brien, 12, Place St. Gilles, Bruges, for good lodgings. Another reader advises you to communicate with Mrs. Franks, 122, Ditchling Rise, Brighton, who will forward you an address.

E. A. S. (Clapham).—We have passed on the address to H. C. M. (Woolwich).

"Willow" (London).—We do not care to make invidious distinctions, but if you keep your money available for a few weeks longer you will see something special in our columns.

J. B. (Fulham).—You are an impertinent, ill-conditioned, young brat. Read John Bull and improve your mind.

T. G. W. (London) sends us a copy of the *County of Middlesex Independent*, which quotes our recent paragraph about the refusal on bail to a master builder who was charged with defacing a newspaper in a public library, and thinks it sufficiently disposes of the matter by the oracular observation, "the police had good grounds for any action they took." The report of the recent Royal Commission has evidently frightened the Middlesex Editor.

J. H. W. (Rochdale).—We have frequently explained that we are not entirely masters of the situation, but we reserve the right to remove any advertisement where a duly authenticated complaint reaches us. Thanks for interesting cutting.

E. A. H. (Kettering) takes exception to our doubts as to the late Mr. Sankey's sanity. At any rate, he is sure the charge could not be made against Mrs. Sankey. He mentions an incident of a visit by her to the warehouse of the late Sir George Williams (of Hitchcock, Williams and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard). Mr. Williams said, "Now, Mrs. Sankey, I should like you to choose something as a memento of this visit"—whereupon the simple lady selected the most costly sealskin jacket in the place.

"Wilks" (King's Heath).—The address of the Public Trustee is Clement's Inn, London, W.C.

Eustace Miles (Charing Cross).—What was "the competition at the Holborn Restaurant"?

H. C. (Blackfriars) draws our attention to the old trick of selling umbrellas by pretending that they have been obtained from the lost property offices of railways.

C. S. (Leeds).—We note that Mr. H. C. Biron "wants shooting." It is refreshing to find a modest person like yourself nowadays.

"Electro" (Finchley).—Your kind advisers were probably R. A. Smith and Co., of Broad Street House, E.C., well known bucket-shop keepers.

C. E. C. (Henley-on-Thames).—Compliments and thanks. We have rubbed it in.

F. E. G. (Bowes Park).—It certainly seems hard that people who bought the "Harmsworth Atlas" in parts should not be able to obtain the road and motor maps which are given in the bound volume.

R. L. Hapgoods, Ltd., *apropos* the complaint of a reader that he could not get a situation because he had "the stigma of having been in the Army hanging over him," say it is undoubtedly true that they do tell men who have nothing but Army experience "that it will be harder to find positions for them than for men who have a good commercial or technical experience," but they only tell them this in the interests of fair and honest dealing. Hapgoods add that "surely it is better to tell a man frankly the facts than to take his guinea and let him trust to luck." We quite agree—but it is very hard on the Army man all the same.

P. H. (Coventry) complains about roadside sign-posts. Perhaps Jim has been in the district late at night and pulled them down in his wrath. We do not pay for "any acceptable Bulls or biscuits." We sell the former and give the latter.

J. R. (Blackfriars) suggests that as our printer gets blamed for so many things, he must have misprinted 59492 for 59294, thereby depriving us of J. R.'s services and J. R. of our guinea. If this had been the case, we should have discharged him at once.

AFTER SHAVING.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting, that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation, which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy. *Of all Chemists 1/ Send 2d. for sample to (Dept. 208) 142, Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.*

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM.

The Cheerful Philosophy of the Pipe

is well worth learning. It is an asset in life that rarely fails and one that counts in adding to the sum total of the day's content.

Like no other, the smoking of the right tobacco yields its quiet and wholly satisfactory enjoyment, that never obtrudes and never palls, from day to day right through the years.

Yet not all tobaccos give the key to this content or teach this comfortable enjoyment.

It must be the right tobacco—the one tobacco that yields all that is best in smoking. Most men will find in one of these three—the one that is of the right strength for their taste—the mixture they want:

CHAIRMAN (MEDIUM)
BOARDMAN'S (MILD)
RECORDER (FULL)

From all leading tobacconists at 5½d. per oz.

R. J. LEA,
45, Market St., Manchester.

R4

F. J. B. (Highbury) is kind enough to promise to send us his pamphlet on the Licensing Bill "for nothing." Why should we deprive him of it?

"NEMO" (Ilkeston).—We have not kept the old cutting, but Ironmonger was remanded.

"LOYAL REBEL" (Johannesburg) objects to the phrase "North-Country independence." He says there are "just as many crawlers, creepers and cringers in Newcastle as there are anywhere else." He adds that he is a North-Countryman himself, and knows what he is talking about. There's patriotism for you. Anyhow, we still think that independence is a characteristic of the North of England, like pawkiness in Scotland, joviality in Ireland, and silliness in Sussex. We are sorry to learn from our correspondent's p.s. that he is "not a mine magnate." Why not?

T. H. (West Ealing) expresses himself vigorously about the methods of the Salvation Army.

MR. RICHARD TISSINGTON, a song-writer, sends us an advance copy of his song, "Mr. John Bull." It was written some years ago, but is as fresh and charming as ever. We hope to hear it in every hall before long.

Miss L. M. (West Ealing) is kind enough to inform us that "a raw, juicy onion applied to the sting of a wasp will quickly relieve the pain and prevent swelling." For our part, we should prefer the sting.

W. H. (Stamford Street) is trying to liberate a possibly innocent man from prison, and wants to know the address of a Prisoners' Aid Society. Mr. George Wheatley, of Brook Street, Hatton Garden, E.C., will no doubt help him.

B. F. (London) sent an advertisement to the *Evening News* for Bed and Sitting Room "or use of same." The Editor of our contemporary returned the order as he did not like the words we have quoted. B. F. thinks the Editor must be a very evil-minded person. Perhaps, however, the advertisement could have been worded so as to confine the use to the sitting room.

"CAREFUL" (S. Wales).—Of course the "Panter" remedy is a fraud, and their methods date back to the time of the serpent in the garden of Eden.

G. W. (Balham).—No doubt the lady meant well. It is strange how Temperance fanaticism, like religious mania, borders on insanity.

T. M. (Dorset) thinks that instead of exposing the "spirit photo" fake, we should take up the question of the transmutation and transubstantiation of flour and water "mixed with a little mucilage, into the actual divinity and humanity of the Creator—at an annual cost of about £15,000,000." But in the House of Commons we are always taught not to legislate in advance of public opinion.

A. A. S. (Birmingham) thinks it strange that the lady who went to tea with the Luards on the day of the murder has not been questioned as to what, if anything, she saw or heard. Perhaps she has been, but it would be interesting to know what she says.

MRS. GEORGINA WELDON writes from Brighton that she has been a spiritualist for thirty years, and she considers our challenge to Archdeacon Colley "ridiculous." We are very sorry.

E. W. (Fulham) wants us to "go for" the *Fulham Chronicle* in respect of some rather unbrotherly personal references to ourselves. We are called "The Ishmael of the day, with a huge intolerance which poses as hatred of hypocrisy, and a loud sounding bluster which would fain be regarded as the noblest English courage." We really didn't think we were so bad, but what's the use of denying it if the *Fulham Chronicle* says it is so? We are not cowards, but we know when we are beaten—and we are not going to take on the *Fulham Chronicle*. Not if we know it!

CONSTANT READER (Hullavington).—Yes, we'll give the Vicar "a few lines."

N. M. H. (Alta, Canada).—Your "religious journals" are as bad as some of our own. Find out who is the editor's medical attendant.

W. J. P. (Birmingham).—Sorry our reply was so belated. What a commercial mind you have!

M. R. (Northampton).—Glad to know that there is no foundation for Mr. Waldron's statement that the Bradlaugh statue is "rotting away."

J. F. B. (Boxham Wood), J. W. S. (Derby), H. F. H. (Leeds), R. Y. (Sutton), S. B. L. (Glasgow), W. C. S. (Leeds), B. W. (Hull), H. O. T. (Peckham), "CONSTANT READER OF RECENT DATE" (Ratcliffe), J. C. (Birmingham), T. G. R. (East Sheen), J. H. S. (Kilmacolm), W. R. K. (Belfast), W. R. S. (Wisbech), A. G. (Manor Park), F. B. (Sheffield), H. N. McK. (Wigan), H. H. (Hampstead Road), J. S. C. (Plaistow), D. D. (Dublin), "BOURNVILLE" J. B. (Lowestoft), "ZERO" (Chiswick), H. R. S. (Chiswick), H. D. P. (Dereham), H. C. M. (Smethwick), W. H. (Tooting), B. N. (Bridgwater), H. V. B. (Catford), G. R. (Enfield), F. N. (Pimlico), and others. Many thanks.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

THE GENERAL FRIENDLY COLLECTING SOCIETY.

REGISTERED OFFICE.
No. 21, STAMFORD STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Special General Meeting of the Members of the above Society will be held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, on Thursday, the 1st day of October, 1908, at 6.30 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of considering, and, if thought fit, of passing the following Special Resolution:—

That this Society do in accordance with Section 70 Sub-section 2 of the Friendly Societies Act 1896 transfer all its assets and engagements to the Liverpool Victoria Legal Friendly Society Register No. 79 (London) as from the date of the registry of this Special Resolution in consideration of the Liverpool Victoria Legal Friendly Society having undertaken to fulfil all such engagements as the same is more particularly set forth in the Provisional Agreement between the Committees of the respective Societies dated the 13th day of August 1908 now before this Meeting.

NOTICE IS HEREBY ALSO GIVEN that a FURTHER SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society will be held on Monday, the 19th day of October, 1908, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, at 6.30 p.m., for the purpose of receiving a report of the proceedings of the above-mentioned meeting, and of confirming, if thought fit, as a Special Resolution, the above-mentioned Resolution.

Admission can be obtained at both Meetings on production of latest premium receipt book, showing the holder to be a member of the Society, and qualified to attend and vote in accordance with the provisions of Rule 14.

By order of the Board of Management,

GEORGE BETTS,
Secretary.

ZOX

The Instant Cure for

NEURALGIA.

Where the pain strikes

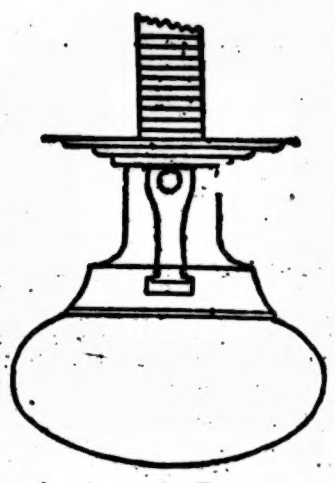
Neuralgic Victims not yet acquainted with the efficacy of ZOX should take advantage of our free offer, or purchase some powders from their Chemist. There is not another remedy for Neuralgia, Headache, or Toothache so reliable so quick in its effect, or so safe to take as ZOX. It relieves the pain almost instantly. Certified free from injurious substances.

FREE OFFER.—Send stamped addressed envelope and mention JOHN BULL, and two sample Zox Powders will be sent you Free. ZOX Powders of Chemists, Stores, &c., 1s. and 2s. 6d. per box, or post free from

THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Keeping's Patent Door Handle.

The knob which won't come off. Can be fixed or removed in an instant without tools. Perfectly simple, simply perfect.



It cannot get out of order nor fall off. Builders using this handle will save huge sums in wages. Patent rights for sale or license.

Apply to the Patentee.

4, PORTMAN ROAD, BOSCOMBE.

Splendid opportunity for Speculators.

"LUNTIN"

Mixture

"Light and cool"

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

1908 MERCEDES BARGAINS

45 h.p. Lawton Limousine.
45 h.p. Chassis.

45 h.p. Special "Resta" body.
45 h.p. Chassis.

MUST BE CLEARED AT ONCE. INSPECTION INVITED.

PARK MOTOR CO., 216, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

"Royal Mercedes Cars for Hire."

Telephone: 7555 and 7510 Gerrard.

Liverpool VICTORIA Legal

FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE—ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Claims paid exceed £22,000,000
Invested Funds £20,000,000
Cash Bonuses paid £807,000

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES AT POPULAR RATES
WORLD WIDE POLICIES.

ARTHUR MANN, Secretary.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

A Storm in a —Palace.

All things work together to boom Miss Maud Allan; and even the annual meeting of the Palace Theatre Company of intent or by accident has done its bit that way. Not content with the fact that 30 per cent. had been made out of Miss Allan and a smart publicity man and the head of John the Baptist and a scant wardrobe and other things, a Palace shareholder wanted to know who was responsible primarily for this boom. The Chairman said that the whole Board took credit for Miss Allan's engagement. Whereupon the manager of the Palace wrote to the papers to claim the entire credit. Then Mr. J. L. Graydon weighed in, supporting the Chairman's view. Of course it does not really matter very much; but while they are about it why do not all the Palace people tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Was not Miss Allan literally pushed on to the Palace programme by the pertinacity of a shrewd agent, after the Palace authorities had three times seen her show, and whilst they all stood shivering on the brink uncertain whether to take the plunge? Was not Miss Allan put on for a single night; and was not her fate decided by the London Press rather than by the Board or the managers? I do not know; but I have heard things; and like Miss Dartle I am merely looking for information. Of course if the Palace people tardily have concluded that they will wash their linen privately for the future I shall not complain; I shall applaud their wisdom.

The Variety Combine.

Probably the variety artistes have been getting more excited than they need over the reported efforts of Mr. Oswald Stoll to form a music hall combine in England. The *Referee* says that about 200 halls have joined: which is nonsense. The Moss-Stoll, Syndicate and De Frece establishments total, I believe, about five and fifty. No houses of any account besides these are in the Combine; the Barrasford, Gibbons, Macnaghten and smaller combinations are outside, as well as all the independent houses that matter. Where then has Mr. Stoll found his 200 halls?—there are not above 300 good variety houses in the country. Possibly in some small ways a greater degree of co-operation between managers will take place in time; but so long as well-directed variety enterprise is so profitable, and the supply of potential talent so uncertain, I do not think monopoly can be established, or anything like it in England. In America the approximation to Trust conditions is breaking down; and there the position has favoured central control during the past ten years more than it has ever done or is likely to do here. Up to a point amalgamation is to the public advantage; beyond that it becomes an evil. The limit is about reached here so far as the halls are concerned; a large extension of the principle is desirable in the matter of the country theatres. Meanwhile, if I were a shareholder in any of the variety companies that are federating, I should be inclined to say to the directors, "Pray be careful." Some of them seem to be riding for a fall.

Several Good Plays.

Among the new plays worth seeing in the West End, two of which a note should be made, are J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" (they know even more than Mr. Barrie suggests, and he suggests a good deal) at the Duke of York's, and "Paid in Full" at the Aldwych. For an American play this latter is a very good play; and I think it will be a great success. It is a strong sound drama, with plenty of humour in it; and no piece in town is better acted.

An Unregistered Agent.

About a year ago I had things to say about a theatrical agent who had an office in Broad Street House. This gentleman has just been arrested and remanded on a charge of running an agency without having registered it. The case will be interesting and should be watched; more than this for the moment I cannot say.

P.

ALONG THE ROAD.

There is a world of meaning in the phrase,
It may be looked at in so many ways,
Along the road, of what—of life? She says
Along the road.

There are so many roads of life; we take
A road and on the choice our fortune stake;
It may be good or bad. We mar or make
Along the road.

Along the road to mis'ry and despair
Is sentinelled grim Sorrow, Want and Care,
A poor road this, Beware. No Thoroughfare;
Along the road.

Show me the road to happiness and joy
Where Love and Kindness all their time employ
In doing good. Let that be my decoy
Along the road.

Lewis Payton.

Hennessy please

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

Buchanan's Popular 'Scotch'

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

Advancing.

The newly opened Stockel racecourse in Belgium is supposed to be the best in the country.

A Matter of Speech.

Here we talk of a jockey "doing" the weight; in America the way they term it is being "fit at 7st. 7lb."—or whatever the poundage is to be.

The "Regulars" Realise it.

It is delightfully innocent to hear ladies declare that a certain race-card is the best of its kind, "because of the beautiful music programme."

The Bookies' Benefit.

What certainties horses would look at times for certain races if we could only "rub out" certain performances. And sometimes they do "rub them out."

A different plan.

In South African racing the hoisting of a white ball near the weighing room shows that the time for scratching horses for the following race has elapsed. All horses not erased by that time *must* start.

How can they kill the time?

I never can understand what is done by the people who seem to be at a railway station, ready to go down to a Metropolitan race meeting, about 9 o'clock in the morning, when the ordinary business man is just reaching town, and has a morning's work before he can even think of leaving.

Relics of a Past Generation.

The three oldest important handicaps in existence are the Goodwood Stakes which dates from 1823, the Chester Cup and the Brighton Stakes—both instituted in 1824. The classic races are many years senior.

Unpublished Studies of Nature.

It is very amusing to watch the expressions of people during the finish of a race on which they have financial interest. A snapshotter able to reproduce the distortions of pleasure or disappointment would make his fortune.

Prophetic.

A mixed unimportant week. If not successful prior to these notes appearing, Marozzo must be followed in the near future, and victories are assuredly in store for similar disappointments in Peter Jackson, and especially

Billidere,

who is handicapped at Hurst Park on Saturday and elsewhere like a 200 sov. plater, heedless of his form in the Victoria Cup here in May. Manchester's Egerton Handicap on Friday, or another venue where he is engaged, will surely give reparation to

Reality.

Saturday must influence the issue of later big events, for the Prince Edward Handicap may see such Kempton and Cambridgeshire candidates as

All Black and Hayden

in opposition. Both—especially All Black—are very certain to gain a pending race, and I shall now expect them, if competing, to fight out Saturday's, although Linacre may deputise for All Black here. For the moment do not speculate upon the Cesarewich and Cambridgeshire.

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